The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1924 NUMBER 488

Contents

The Week 161

Editorials

Punishing the Guilty without Admitting the Guilt 165

Who Then Are the Traitors?..... 166

The Newest Agrarianism 167

General Articles

Needed: A New Railroad Labor Law..... .....David E. Lilienthal 169

"Selling the Company"...Jean Atherton Flexner 171

A Public School Experiment....Agnes de Lima 174

Mr. Croesus, His Paradise.....Bruce Bliven 176

A Poem ..... Elizabeth Bibesco 178

An Imaginary Conversation....Edmund Wilson 179

Water (Verse).....Joseph Auslander 182

The Vampire (Verse) .....Conrad Aiken 183

Purely Technical .....Stark Young 184

Correspondence 184

The Week

DAY by day it is demonstrated more clearly that the most important thing about the oil scandal and the investigation of ex-Attorney-General Daugherty is the attitude of the public toward the whole affair. If one may accept as adequate evidence the editorials in most of the country's leading papers, a large minority of the people are hostile to the Walsh and Wheeler committees, and would like to see their activities brought to a halt. The reasons alleged are that these committees have given publicity to rumors and gossip; that they have heard testimony from persons of dubious character; that innocent men have been pilloried with the guilty; that committee members are "playing politics;" and that the reputations of dead men are being tarnished.

IF this is really the country's attitude, then America has indeed reached a position so critical that we hardly know how to express it without seeming to indulge in wild and hysterical overstatement. Rascals in office are no novelty. We have had them and have turned them out, before; we shall have them, and shall turn them out, again. But always heretofore, those fighting the battle for decency have been able to count upon the support of the people. Has that been lost today? Have we come to a condition of cynical complaisance where the captured crook is scorned only because of his clumsiness? Do the people now take corruption in high places for granted as familiar and natural? If such is the case, then there is good reason to be apprehensive about the future. No civilization since the world began has long survived when the mass of its members ceased to care about public and private morality.

IT is all very well to talk about suspending judgment until both sides have been heard, to attack evidence as hearsay, and to ridicule witnesses as possessing dubious reputations. Those who make these criticisms are perfectly well aware that no facts can be brought forward which will damage the essential points made by the Walsh and Wheeler committees. The betrayal of the national interest through the naval oil leases, the bribery by which they were accompanied, the nest of bribe-takers, bootleggers and drug vendors which centred in men closely associated with Mr. Daugherty—these are matters which have been clearly established and can never be disproved. As to the charges that bribery was used to secure the nomination of President Harding in 1920, that prosecution of war fraud cases was prevented by corruption, that gun-runners, liquor smugglers and motion picture men bought immunity—they have been brought forward in ways which make careful and complete investigation an imperative necessity if confidence in the republican form of government is to be preserved.

IT is obvious that testimony as to bootlegging, drug vending, bribery and debauchery can only come from the associates of persons engaged in those enterprises. Mr. Daugherty complained loudly about the character of the witnesses; but whose fault is it if every one of Mr. Daugherty's intimate friends associated with these unsavory individuals? We admit that there are several aspects of the Senate investigations which we regret. But after all, the choice is between such investigations as we are now having and none at all. Those newspapers like the New York Times,

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in whose editorial columns can be found hardly a trace of moral indignation over the facts revealed by the committees, but any quantity of indignation over the frailties of the investigators, are perfectly well aware of this. Of the alternatives they prefer that there should be no investigation. Investigations are bad for business. They upset confidence in the divine sanction of our captains of industry. They are likely to break the grip of that conservative oligarchy which has the Republican party in its vest pocket, now as in 1920. Therefore, halt the investigations. Distract the public's attention to something else. Leave the looters and the friends of the looters in power.

WHILE there remain certain obscure aspects to the political flurry which has recently taken place in Paris, it is possible to make a close guess as to its real meaning. M. Poincaré's power had been undermined by the precarious position of the franc, by his differences of opinion with President Millerand, by his frantic exertions in passing his remedial financial legislation and by the fear that he would not accept the report of the Dawes Commission. His opponents had nothing to gain by seeking a substitute for him before the results of the election were known, but they were awaiting that event with the confident anticipation that thereafter they could take advantage of his apparent weakness. If, however, it was to their advantage to wait, it was not to M. Poincaré's. He needed to repair his fences before going into the election. Whether or not his defeat in the Chamber on an incidental issue was planned for that purpose we do not pretend to know, but it looks that way. At any rate he was adroit enough to use it as an opportunity to repair the infirmities of his former position.

HE accomplished this result by reorganizing his Cabinet. The reorganization consisted chiefly in admitting three prominent members of the left centre who had favored some concessions on the part of France in the interest of coöperation with Great Britain and who presumably would, if possible, insist on acquiescence by France in the report of the Dawes Commission. He has managed by this means to improve his own position in three important respects. He has adjusted his policy to that of his most formidable opponents and obtained their coöperation and support. He has conciliated President Millerand and removed for the present the danger which was at one time serious of the substitution of a dictatorship for parliamentary government in France. He has formed a party of the centre which is a little more liberal than the old Bloc National and which may well obtain a majority in the coming election. The possibility of this reconstruction of his position rests apparently on his willingness and ability to acquiesce in the report of the Dawes Commission; but obviously he cannot have permitted himself the luxury of a mistake in regard to that important matter. He must know what the recommendations of the commission are and he must know that the commission's plan is adjustable to what he has declared to be the essentials of French policy with respect to Germany.

IF the foregoing interpretation of M. Poincaré's present position is correct, the outlook for any improvement in the economic and political plight of Europe as a consequence of the Dawes report is not promising. It can only mean that Mr. Dawes and his associates have accepted the Poincaré claim that France can squeeze reparations out of Germany by coercion or drastic supervision without giving the Germans any motive to contribute to the payment of their obligations or any prospect of their own recovery. Such, indeed, seems to be the case. M. Poincaré has probably consented to the economic reunion of the Ruhr and the Rhineland to the rest of Germany, but only in return for a complete control over the credit, the taxation and the transportation systems of Germany and only as a result of the continued military occupation of the Ruhr and the official recognition by the German and English governments of the legality of that occupation. If the Germans accept these terms, they will sign away their economic and political independence and bind themselves to labor indefinitely and without the possibility of emancipation during the life of the present generation for the benefit of their creditors and conquerors.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, at Evanston, Illinois, has lately been the scene of two particularly painful examples of mob psychology, directed along conventional hundred-percent-American lines. A short time ago a group of young men who believe that war is undesirable held a meeting on the campus, which was addressed by Mr. John Fletcher, a member of the Society of Friends from England. Any intelligent person would say that the thesis of these students was reasonable enough, in view of world history during the past nine years; but a group of their fellows, seemingly ignorant of the fact that the world has recently been through a struggle which, to say the least, didn't do it any good, broke into the meeting and gave the visiting Englishman a fine display of undergraduate good manners by throwing decayed vegetables and driving all present into the street.

THIS should have been disgrace enough to last Northwestern for a while; but evidently it was not. A little later the Epworth League of the Evanston First Methodist Church, through its president, Allen Monroe, a Northwestern student,

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invited Mr. Brent Dow Allinson to address a meeting on the subject of the German youth movement, which he has recently studied on the spot. Our readers may remember that Mr. Allinson, a conscientious objector to war, was tried and convicted for this "crime" in 1918 and served more than two years of a fifteen year sentence in Leavenworth Prison before he was pardoned. His experience, of course, has nothing to do with his qualifications as a speaker on the youth movement; but the patrioteers are as illogical as they are zealous. Extraordinary efforts were made to prevent his appearance. Colonel John H. Wigmore, head of the Northwestern University Law School, wrote to the pastor, the Rev. Ernest F. Tipple, protesting and inquiring acutely whether Mr. Tipple "would invite a notorious bootlegger to talk to his congregation on prohibition"?

THESE efforts proving useless, a large contingent from the American Legion attended the meeting, heckled Allinson, jeered at many of his statements, and resorted to physical violence against some individuals in the audience who protested their discourtesy. One John W. Gorby leaped to the platform at the conclusion of the address and waved an American flag above his head. The student members of the Epworth League present, who had already voted 117 to 9 in favor of hearing Allinson, hissed at this palpable attempt to appeal to emotional patriotism; and thus gave the Chicago morning newspapers a chance to record in their headlines that "Students Hiss Flag." A minister present, the Rev. W. B. Meredith, distinguished himself during the proceedings by shouting, "I had an opportunity to see the worst phases of the carnage [in France] but what I saw convinced me this nation does not want a slacker's peace." Captain C. B. Hopkins of the Military Intelligence, United States Army, was perhaps more military than intelligent when he demanded the floor in order to observe that "the United States never has fought any but righteous wars"—an observation which Mexico would hear with interest. The Chicago Advertising Men's Post of the American Legion next day passed a resolution calling the Evanston First Methodist Church un-American, and Mr. A. J. Heilstrom, Adjutant of the Legion's Evanston Post, has promised that his organization "is going the limit against Allinson." He explains that they intend to have him deported—whether with or without the assistance of the United States government is not stated.

THE whole affair would be utterly silly were it not for the tragic implications it carries as to the state of mind of a large number of undoubtedly honest and well-meaning, if not very intelligent people, of a type by no means confined to Evanston. Persons like Wigmore, Hopkins, Gorby and Meredith are not only incapable of understanding that it takes far more moral courage to be a conscientious objector than to go to war; they also do not see that the hysteria from which they are still suffering was deliberately created, largely out of whole cloth, by the government for the purpose of making the war effort effective. They do not understand that theirs is the frame of mind which has brought Europe to its present flood-tide of misery by helping to create a Carthaginian peace which, if its terms are not abated, will destroy the organized industrial life of half the continent. It is probably impossible to reason with individuals in this mental state. What we can do, however, is to insist that in their blind anger, which is the more furious since they have forgotten its original purpose, they are not permitted to overthrow the constitutional right of free speech and the ordinary decencies of civilization.

THE credit policy of the Federal Reserve Board, as set forth in their tenth annual report, is by no means so revolutionary as Mr. Keynes conceives it. The board agrees that with the gold standard suspended or abolished in the greater part of the world credit policy can no longer be governed solely by the reserve ratio. But neither, in the opinion of the board, can it be governed by the price level. While it admits that the price situation and the credit situation are closely related, the relationship is not a simple one of cause and effect, but rather one of parallel effects from the same cause or group of causes. Therefore the board sees no possibility of stabilizing the price level through its control of credit. It recognizes that encouragement may be given judiciously to trade when it is needlessly sluggish, and that speculative booms should be and can be checked by the management of Federal Reserve credit. This conception of the Federal Reserve function is not very ambitious, but we doubt that business and political conditions in America would warrant the adoption of a bolder policy.

STATES' RIGHTS opposition to the amendment giving the federal government power to regulate child labor would stand on firmer ground if the record of state legislation in the field were a good one. Unfortunately it is not. Not more than one-fourth of the states come up to any fairly civilized standard in their handling of this problem. Nor is there evidence anywhere of a strong movement among the champions of states' rights to force the states to do their duty by their children and thus render federal action superfluous. Instead there is a compromising connection between opposition to federal child labor legislation and opposition to any kind of effective legislation on the subject. We may agree that our political system is in danger of over-centralization, and that a wide range of powers ought to be left to the states, even though

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they may fail to use them properly or even abuse them. Child slavery, however, works such havoc with the quality of our common citizenship that it is a question whether the nation is justified in leaving it undisturbed, in deference even to a highly respectable political theory.

WOULD it be wisest to abolish the government and turn the country over to the American Legion to run? Mayor Daniel L. Hart of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, seems to think so. He has not only abdicated in favor of the American Legion, but he took the Constitution with him. A memorial meeting for Lenin in Wilkes-Barre was broken up forcibly by armed policemen and members of the local American Legion post. When a protest was made against this action by the American Civil Liberties Union, Mayor Hart asserted that he will not allow "any meetings of anarchists or communists in this city. All meetings of this character in the future will be submitted to Legion committees for approval." The Mayor thus achieves a distinction beyond that of most other opponents of free speech in the United States. He refuses to have American principles respected in Wilkes-Barre; but he also refuses to take the responsibility and "passes the buck" to the Legion.

EVERYONE knows the potentialities of the motion picture in propaganda; and everyone knows, too, that attempts in the past to grind somebody's axe by means of the films have been greatly hampered because theatre-goers, having paid their good money for a show, resent seeing an obvious moral jammed down their throats, whether it be about hundred percent Americanism or the desirability of eating more of somebody's gluten bread. There exists, however, a large potential non-theatrical audience in this country which might prove more amenable, if some way of getting the films to them could only be invented. We refer, of course, to churches, women's clubs, fraternal orders and schools. Our readers may be interested in knowing that a company called the American Motion Picture Corporation has now entered the field of non-theatrical films. It gives a $375 motion picture projection machine to any church or other institution which will rent thirty standardized programs at $25 each.

THE character of the programs is suggested in the company's own synopsis of one of them. It includes a story called Social Sabotage, summarized as follows:

> Smashing drama based on the announcement of Secretary of State Hughes that the Soviet [sic] is actively allied with the Communistic efforts to wreck our government. The story tells how such an enterprise might be put into effect, and centres about Daniel Flint, owner of a number of coal mines, whose son and daughter are caught in the toils of Bolshevism. Distrustful of his son, the coal magnate on his death leaves the mines to his nephew, Roger Strong. Roger endeavors to deal fairly with the miners, but incited by the "Reds" under the leadership of the vengeful Russell Flint, they strike. Mob violence follows; Roger Strong is captured and faces a terrible death. Russell Flint, injured in the rioting, is the victim of his own villainy, for he dies on the operating table when, in accordance with his revolutionary schedule, the town's electricity is cut off and the surgeons are unable to operate.

To this interesting synopsis we need only add the fact that John E. Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, is chairman of the board of directors of the American Motion Picture Corporation; and that its president and treasurer is William H. Barr, president of the National Founders Association. It is well known that Mr. Barr devotes his life to fighting union labor. There seems good ground for believing that in this new activity he has added a powerful weapon to those already at his command.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we discuss the attempt of the Republican National Committee's News Bureau to blacken the character of Senator Wheeler of Montana. The assault upon him by no means stands alone. Judged by its current news releases, the Committee is now mainly engaged in attacks on the senators who are charged with the task of hunting out corruption. Typical articles sent out to the press for republication lately are headed "Confessed Criminal Used by Senate to Spread Scandal;" "Dealing in Slander;" "Crawling Things Dragging Their Slime Over Clean Men;" "Walsh's Cheap Partisanship Evidenced in Every Move;" "Doheny Gives Lie to Wild Charge of Senator Wheeler;" "Senatorial Bolshevists." The articles under these headlines are what might be expected. They go as far as is humanly possible in belittling, deriding and insulting Messrs. Walsh and Wheeler, and in seeking to create public sentiment in favor of bringing the investigations to a close. To make a bad matter decidedly worse, newspaper editors are brazenly invited in a footnote to "use this service in whole or in part, without any credit. Papers are at liberty to use 'Special Correspondence,' 'From—— Washington Bureau' or any similar designation." We do not know what Mr. John T. Adams calls this, but to us it looks like a plain incitement to the publication of falsehood. Such activities as these supply the opponents of the Republican party with their strongest evidence that it is morally bankrupt; that its leaders have no desire to clean house but only to hush matters up. Their editorial "clip sheet" proves that the motto of at least the National Committee is not "Turn the Rascals Out," but "Keep the Rascals In, Turn the Public Out—and Lock the Door."

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Punishing the Guilty without Admitting the Guilt

THE dismissal of Harry Daugherty and the disheartening final correspondence between him and President Coolidge brings to an appropriately mean and equivocal end one of the most discreditable episodes in American political annals. It was discreditable in every respect and to all its protagonists—to the President who appointed Daugherty, to the Senate which confirmed him, to the colleagues who sat in the Cabinet with him, to the Republican party leaders who tolerated and for a while protected him and to the other President who for so many painful weeks could not summon courage either to dismiss or defend him. Daugherty defiled everybody with whom he came into contact. Yet, as we are bound sorrowfully to add, his associates in the Republican party and the administration carried their repellent burden without any premature signs of distress. They put up bravely with the disagreeable odor that was given out by the performances of Daugherty and his friends until the stench proved impossible.

When Daugherty was originally selected, his unfitness was notorious and abominable. The New Republic characterized his appointment and that of Fall as "unspeakably bad" and accused them both of being "full-blown specimens of the manipulating politician who serves private and special interests" and the facts which justified this judgment as an understatement were matters of common knowledge. Yet the Republican leaders accepted Mr. Daugherty without any admissions of discomfort, and until recently they not only shut their eyes and held their noses to what the Attorney-General and his gang were doing but entered into something like a conspiracy to prevent the news of it from leaking out. They all seemed instinctively to know what under the circumstances their duty was to the great Republican party. After having nominated and elected a candidate for the presidency whose closest political associate and confidential manager was a man like Daugherty, they could not afford to be squeamish about malodorous meals which their official cooks subsequently prepared for their consumption.

For nearly three years they stuck to their resolution in spite of every apparent provocation to disgust and revolt. The testimony which Senator Wheeler's committee has unearthed proves to the satisfaction of any reasonable person the existence in and around the Department of Justice and in most intimate association with the Attorney-General of a group of crooks who sold in one form or another privileges to violate the law. There must have been hundreds of upright men occupying important positions in the administration, in Congress or in private business who knew in general what was going on and who deliberately suppressed the knowledge. They preferred to act as accessories to a flagrant betrayal of public confidence rather than incur the consequences to themselves and their party of participating in a public scandal and exposure. They had a perfectly good opportunity of allowing the facts to come out and of repudiating Daugherty when his impeachment was proposed over a year ago. Instead of which they rallied unanimously to his support, refused to allow any investigation to take place, and browbeat into discouraged silence the Congressman who proposed impeachment. By this behavior the responsible leaders of the Republican party in Congress and in the administration assumed a positive as well as a negative responsibility for the presence of Daugherty and his crooked associates in the law-enforcing department of the federal government.

When, finally, owing to the exposure of Fall, the scandal became too notorious for further concealment, Republican leaders found themselves entangled in an awkward predicament. They realized all too well the impossibility of defending the record of Daugherty as Attorney-General. Neither, under the circumstances, could they forbid an investigation. Yet the consequences of an investigation, as they well knew, would be fatal to Daugherty, embarrassing to the administration and compromising to themselves. The facts had to come out and Daugherty had to go; but at the same time they could not afford to admit that he was as grotesquely unfit to serve as Attorney-General as the exposures indicated. A frank admission to that effect would prove to be an impossible burden to carry during the coming presidential election, and would place all the Republican candidates in a defensive, apologetic and even a humiliating position before the public. Embarrassing as this predicament was, they faced it with a kind of brazen courage. The least costly way out was not to defend Daugherty, and, indeed, actually to throw him out, but at the same time not to admit the truth of the charges against him. Those charges they could condemn as uncorroborated rumors which unscrupulous political opponents were passing on to hysterical and credulous people for the purpose of assassinating the characters of faithful Republicans and defeating Mr. Coolidge for reëlection. By this tortuous method they planned both to get rid of Daugherty and to discredit his opponents. They hoped to protect themselves without assuming the burden of defending Daugherty.

The difficult task of converting the contradictory necessities of the Republican predicament into a plausible policy devolved on poor Mr. Coolidge. He has gone through with it, but he has put up a sorry appearance. Although one of the most faithful purveyors of moral platitudes in these United States, he, like other Republicans, had silently acquiesced in the great betrayal of public confidence. He must have known the kind of man Daugherty was, the character of his cro-

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nies and the sort of things they were doing in the Department of Justice. The President's own intimacy with McLean should have sufficed to enlighten him. But even if by any chance he did not know as Vice-President what had been going on, it was certainly his business to find out soon after he became President. He undoubtedly did find out. The deadly accuracy of his knowledge is revealed by his obvious eagerness to get rid of Daugherty. Yet in spite of what must have been full information about what had been going on in the Department of Justice, the President deliberately assumed in public the innocence of his Attorney-General and hesitated for months to demand the inevitable resignation; and when finally he did jump the hurdle he pretended to the American public that Daugherty still enjoyed the presumption of innocence. His behavior was a contemptible exhibition of subterfuge and disingenuousness which Daugherty was fully justified in stigmatizing as cowardly.

The President's letter dismissing his Attorney-General is a depressing revelation of his mental obliquity. Mr. Coolidge still does not budge from the official attitude. He gives no sign of possessing any sufficient reason to consider Daugherty guilty of behavior which calls for the Attorney-General's resignation. Indeed he refers to Daugherty in words which will to many simple Americans seem like an exoneration and which Daugherty interprets and welcomes as such. On his own showing he has, consequently, every reason to stand by his Attorney-General. Nevertheless he demanded Daugherty's resignation on a purely technical pretext and so brought about by equivocation a convenient result which he did not dare to bring about frankly and loyally.

This method of extracting an ulcerated political tooth without admitting the existence of the ulcer is bound to be demoralizing to American public opinion. It justifies the utmost cynicism and disillusionment on the part of the increasing number of people who consider that complicity in corruption and hypocrisy is a fundamental fact in American politics and economics of today. The Fall and Daugherty scandals offered Mr. Coolidge a rare opportunity of repairing the moral damage which the American nation had suffered as a consequence of Harding's nomination and election. He could by swift, uncompromising, energetic and candid action in exposing the offences and repudiating the offenders have assumed the leadership of those Republicans who would like to see the party reform itself, and he would have won the respect and confidence of his disinterested political opponents. Above all he would have convinced the American people that they are right to place confidence in their government and their rulers. He would have proved that while important public officials might sometimes betray their trust, the government as a whole would react violently in favor of rectitude as soon as its aberration was exposed. He has wholly neglected this opportunity. Throughout the entire episode Mr. Coolidge has done nothing to assist in the exposure of the miscreants and he has said nothing which expressed indignation and scorn at their malefaction and treachery. He has on the contrary done and said what he could to obscure the moral issue. He has used the prodigious influence of his office to prevent the American people from realizing the full enormity of the offence against the credit of the American nation and the trustworthiness of the American government which Daugherty and his crowd with the connivance of so many of his party associates had perpetrated.

The profoundly sinister aspect of this matter is not the fact of the corruption but that so many of the party associates of the malefactors first connived at the offence and then, when the exposure came, deliberately tried to deceive their fellow countrymen as to its meaning. The leading Republican politicians, business men and newspapers have used the exposures chiefly as an excuse, not for condemning the miscreants and undoing their work, but for blackguarding the men who insisted on the exposure. In effect they served notice on anybody who proposed to lay bare corruption in high places that he himself would be shadowed by detectives, bullied and denounced as a malicious slanderer or a hysterical fool. Their attitude is comprehensible only on the hypothesis which the New Republic has persistently urged. The corruption which took place under Harding is not a matter of the aberration of individuals. It flourished as the result of the negative or positive complicity of hundreds of respectable accomplices who vouched for these miscreants to the public and are careful either not to know what is going on behind the screen or to conceal their knowledge. Such is the sad truth about the treason to their fellow-countrymen of both Fall and Daugherty. The people who knew the worst or who proposed to conceal knowledge of it both from themselves and other people are now laboring hard to produce an alibi and to try to prove that the real culprits are the investigators. They will not get away with such an absurdity, but if they do not, it will not be the fault of the press. With a few exceptions the most powerful newspapers in the country have done what they could to assist the Republican leaders in preventing the discreditable revelations from coming out and in falsifying their meaning for the American public.

Who Then Are the Traitors?

"WHAT Everybody Should Know about Senator Wheeler and His Montana Gang" is the title of a statement issued by the Republican National Committee News Bureau by way of reprisal against Senator Wheeler for his activity in exposing Harding and his Ohio gang. The attack is

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directed against Senator Wheeler's conduct in office as United States Attorney for Montana during the war, when, says the News Bureau, "the state became a hotbed of treason and sedition," owing to Wheeler's refusal to prosecute men accused of offences under the war acts. "Finally the *decent patriotic Americans* (italics ours) of Butte took the matter in hand, *hanged one of the leaders* (italics ours), ran the others out of Butte, and then called a meeting of the State Council of Defense for the purpose of trying Wheeler for his actions." The News Bureau statement asserts that this body unanimously condemned Wheeler as an unpatriotic citizen; it neglects to call attention to the emphatic reversal of this judgment by the citizens of Montana at the polls, when they sent Wheeler to his present seat in the Senate.

As everyone knows, the "hotbed of treason and sedition," existed only in the imagination of hysterical people who during the war were played on for selfish purposes, political or personal, by men of the type who now seek to revive that hysteria for the same purposes. Judge Anderson of Boston has made the statement, now accepted as authoritative, that less than one percent of alleged German plots had any existence in fact. When judges and district attorneys as well as clergymen, teachers and others in places of influence either slunk in cowardice before what was in effect a mob, or sought to play upon its passions to their own advantage, District Attorney Wheeler stood almost alone as a representative of justice who refused to let his office be used to spread the hateful habit of espionage and promote enmity among fellow citizens. Among his faithless fellow officials he stood practically alone for extending the protection of law to people who differed with the majority as to the war or who were obnoxious to big business interests. That his fellow citizens in the end felt grateful to him is one of the few signs of the times which we can read in a sense favorable to democracy.

But the Republican News Bureau raises a question to which we think the citizens to whom it appeals can devote some thought with profit to themselves. Who are the traitors? Are they not the men and women who sought to use the force created by war excitement to persecute their fellow citizens? Are they not the officials of justice who made their department a source of poison to the public mind and an instrument of cruelty toward the weak and of privilege to the strong? Are they not the ambassadors who sought the supposed advantage of the countries to which they were sent by embroiling their own country in war? Are they not the leading citizens who used their position to divert the money contributed with such pathetic readiness for "national defence," to promote an orgy of extravagance conducing to private profit? Are they not the heads of departments of the government who permitted the most gigantic series of frauds known in history, who sought to block investigation and cover the trails of offenders, who in some cases resigned from office only to further the campaign of spoliation against their country? We agree that there are some things which everybody should know about men who were in office during the war and the men who, out of office, did equally well for themselves, but we do not look to the News Bureau of either the Republican or the Democratic party for enlightenment. It is one reason for the hope of a third party which will dare to publish a Who's Who among the Traitors.

The Newest Agrarianism

THERE is bitter discontent among the farmers and great political unrest. So there has been before. In the periods that culminated in the Greenback and Free Silver movements the farmer had just as acute a sense of his grievances. What distinguishes the present agrarian movement from those of earlier generations is primarily a change in the farmers' conceptions of means of redress. In the eighties and nineties the reforms advocated by the farmers were essentially individualistic. They sought to counteract the decline in prices of agricultural products by means of monetary inflation, believing that rising prices would benefit not only the farmer but the whole body of producers at the cost of the money lenders and bond holders. They wished to break up trusts and other combinations in the faith that competition would establish prices on a fair basis all around. Above all, they demanded control of the railways, in order to eliminate excessive and discriminatory rates which not only weighed directly upon the farmer but also tended to build up industrial and trading monopolies to exploit him further.

The farmer of today still opposes monetary deflation, detests the trusts and regards the railways as instruments of oppression. But he no longer believes that tinkering the money standard, prosecuting the trusts and curbing the railways will bring him substantial relief. As an individual he is helpless in the contest with business and industry which combine spontaneously, law or no law. The great advance in prices resulting from the war offered the farmer conclusive proof of his relative weakness. His products promptly slipped back to the prewar price level, while industrial prices maintained themselves at fifty percent above that level. The only help for his case appeared to lie in the adoption of the weapon of his enemies, combination. And so we have had recently under the name of coöperation an epidemic of agrarian combinations: tobacco growers, grain growers, cotton growers, as well as a multiplicity of combinations among producers of minor and localized crops.

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Combination, the farmers quickly discovered, could achieve its whole purpose only if it could control the supply. In industry this has been effected through the limitation of production to a volume that can be sold at remunerative prices. In agriculture no such limitation is feasible in the case of the greater staples. No combination could hope to become powerful enough to fix the acreage each farmer should put in wheat or corn or cotton. If prices were to be raised materially it could only be through impounding the supply and destroying, giving away or dumping abroad whatever part of it operated to weigh down the domestic market. Such a policy has been practised sporadically by industrial and trading monopolies ever since the early seventeenth century when the Dutch East India Company used to dump its excess stock of spices into the sea. It has never, however, attained such proportions as would be required to bring American agricultural prices up to a level materially above the world market. Obviously no combination of producers so weak individually as the American farmers could hope to carry through so vast an operation. Accordingly there has been growing up, in the last five years, a demand that the federal government should undertake for the farmer this function of monopolistic control.

This demand has taken definite legislative form in the McNary-Haugen bill, reported to the Senate by the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry. The object of this bill is to put farm products on the same level with respect to general prices as they held to in the ten years 1905-1914. The method by which this object is to be attained is by the dumping of surplus agricultural products abroad, at whatever prices they would fetch, in order to make possible sufficiently remunerative prices on the domestic market, the tariff being raised to insure against reimportation. The bill proposes to set up an Agricultural Export Commission to determine when farm prices are too low, and an export corporation with a capital stock of $200,000,000 subscribed by the government and authorized to borrow $200,000,000 on its own credit. There are complicated provisions for determining what part of the supply shall be bought up for dumping abroad, and for assuring all producers of their fair share in the costs and the benefits of the operation. We need not enter into these details here, because the chances of the bill becoming a law at this session are negligible. It may, however, be remarked that it is difficult to conceive how the machinery of the bill could possibly be operated with even an approximation to justice. Its supporters would probably admit this, but they ask, could such a system even if seriously perverted, operate so unjustly as the present plan of leaving the farmer at the mercy of economic forces which systematically stack the cards against him?

This, we think, is the question which must be answered by the critics of the farmers' proposals for reform. They are economically unsound, if by soundness we mean conformity to the principles of laissez-faire economics. But would anyone dare to assert that the present condition of agriculture in this country is economically sound? Foreclosures of farm property are proceeding at a terrible rate. Virtual bankruptcy rests heavily upon a disheartenedly large part of the farming population. The exodus of the best blood from the country to the city is going on at an accelerating pace. If these conditions continue long we shall have, instead of the independent American farmer, a rural population of culls and peasants and peons, precariously supplying cities overgrown and fermenting with proletarian discontent. The fate of the American democracy is bound up with the fate of the farmer. If there is no way of redressing the economic balance between country and city except through the forcible manipulation of prices, we should be wise to manipulate prices. It would cost the government a good deal of money in the end—possibly two billion dollars in the course of a decade. America cheerfully spent thirty billions to avert an international menace which did not by any means come so close to the heart of her institutions as agricultural decay.

But we do not believe that it is necessary yet to resort to such heroic remedies. It would be practicable through a drastic reduction in the tariff to bring the prices of the goods the farmer buys appreciably nearer to the level of agricultural prices. The increase in imports that would follow tariff reduction would give the half starved peoples of Europe the means to buy more American agricultural products. A readjustment of railway rates, laying an increased share of the burden of railway finance on the higher priced goods, would materially strengthen the position of the farmer. Such reforms would not operate instantaneously, but they would offer a hope that the farmer was not to remain forever the victim of exploitation. And with hope renewed the farmer could do much through coöperation and improved methods of production to mend his own condition.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1924, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK.
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Needed: A New Railroad Labor Law

AFTER four years of trial, the labor disputes provisions of the Transportation Act of 1920 have been weighed in the scales of experience and found sadly wanting. Never before in the history of railroad labor legislation has a law so quickly and overwhelmingly been proved a failure; the collapse of the Railroad Labor Board, creature of the act, has been probably the most complete in the history of federal administrative tribunals.

Dissatisfaction with the act is by no means confined to one party concerned: the employees and the organizations which represent them are vigorously opposed to its continued existence; the managements, on the whole, find it anything but satisfactory and make every effort to avoid using the provisions of the act; the Secretary of Labor has recently declared that it should be repealed; the "general public," with the memory of the first nation-wide railroad strike still fresh in mind, has had quite enough of the legislation. Proposals to replace Title III and to wipe out the Railroad Labor Board will surely be introduced into the 68th Congress, and the subject of railroad labor legislation again become of first importance.

The history of railroad labor legislation shows that changes in the law at any one time have been invariably occasioned by experience under such labor disputes laws as then existed: the successful features have usually been conserved, and a deliberate effort made to eliminate or remedy the defects and deficiencies which trial had revealed. The operation of the laws, their success or failure in meeting concrete situations in which interruptions to interstate commerce were threatened—these have been the criteria by which existing laws have been criticized and new legislation drafted. This same process will doubtless govern the congressional discussion of railway labor legislation this winter. It therefore becomes profitable and timely to point out wherein Title III of the Transportation Act has failed, why it has failed, and how the new legislation which will be introduced can be so drawn as successfully to meet the situations which Title III has been unable to handle effectively.

The first, and most grievous defect in Title III is that it fails effectively to establish, as a starting point, the settlement of differences between the parties involved, by *agreements,* reached through conference or other intra-industry adjustment methods. The reason the conference system on the railroads is so important, is that it makes use of channels of adjustment to which both sides have long been accustomed, and provides a way to railway peace without the intervention of persons outside the industry itself. It provides for representative government on the railroads in a simple, unpretentious, but extremely effective way, and puts control of the industry on the "human side" where it belongs—in the hands of experienced veteran railroaders, rather than in the hands of lame-duck southern ex-governors, hopelessly handicapped for such work by a legalistic viewpoint, and a total ignorance of the technique of the industry or the principles of labor adjustment.

It is true that Title III does provide for conferences (section 301) and it has recently been argued, and with good show of reason, that the act makes conferences mandatory upon the carriers and organizations. (Brotherhood of Railway Clerks vs. Pennsylvania System, et al, U. S. District Court, Eastern District Pennsylvania, 1923.) But even if this argument is ultimately accepted by the courts before whom the question will be raised, it is still true that Title III, in failing to safeguard the integrity of the conference system, in failing to provide against the transformation of such conferences into sessions between the management and dummies, selected by the management to "represent" the men, is hopelessly beyond repair. To require the holding of conferences between the parties, to emphasize the principle of collective bargaining as a measure of industrial peace, and to fail to preserve the integrity of such conferences, to fail to make illegal any effort by one party to such conference to interfere with or participate in the selection by the other party of its representatives, is to create a thing which is worse than useless: it is to set up a source of irritation and injustice all the more intolerable because it permits autocratic methods to flourish by express sanction of law, under the cloak of democratic industrial procedure. The men who draft the next legislation will do well to keep before them the "company union" practice, which has done more to destroy the confidence of the workers in the management than any other single piece of tactics ever employed by the stupidity and ignorance of executives. If an act should be passed, improving on Title III by making the conference system and collective bargaining the heart of the law, but which under its terms permits a meeting between the management and the officers of a "company union" to pass off as a "conference," that act would at once become a failure, unless its purpose were to set back industrial coöperation on the railroads fully half a century.

A page from the book of the now famous Pennsylvania case will illustrate why a specific declaration in the national law, preventing the interference or participation by the carrier in the selection by the employees of their conferees and other representatives, is the very heart of an act

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framed on the principle of the collective bargain. Shortly after the return of the roads to private hands, the Railroad Labor Board increased wages, but ordered that the rules as to working conditions then in force should continue until changed by agreements reached in conference between the parties, or by the order of the Board. (Decision No. 2.) Later the Board ordered the rules contained in the abrogated National Agreements to be continued, but ordered conferences to be held between the individual systems and their employees on the rules; if such conferences did not result in agreement on new rules, the old rules were to continue. (Decision No. 119, and Addendum No. 2 thereto). The Pennsylvania management seized this opportunity to pervert the wholesome method of collective bargaining between parties of equal strength, into autocratic dictation, under the cover of a euphonious blind: "The Pennsylvania Plan of Employee Representation." How the Pennsylvania refused to abide by the overwhelming desire of the men, as expressed by ballot, or by the orders of the Labor Board (Decision No. 220) but arbitrarily imposed as representatives, men whom they controlled, are now matters of judicial record. (Pennsylvania Railroad vs. U. S. Railroad Labor Board, U. S. Supreme Court, Adv. Ops. Oct. Term, 1922, decided Feb. 19, 1923.) The management then met with these "representatives" of the employees (some of whom had received but ten votes out of one hundred cast on the company's own ballot!) and went through the form of arriving at new agreements as to rules to take the place of those which the Labor Board had continued, pending new agreements. The employees of the Pennsylvania still "negotiate" with the management through these same hand-picked company-paid "representatives." No plan for the adjustment of disputes through conference is secure unless the parties are independent and free from coercion in the selection of their representatives. Such a safeguard means as much to the whole system of collective bargaining as the Australian secret ballot has meant to decent elections in the political field.

Another major defect in the present legislation is its failure to provide adequately for the adjustment of the numerous minor disputes which arise constantly in any industrial enterprise, the speedy and informal settlement of which means so much to the spirit of the men, and the efficiency of the service. Personal grievances: charges of unjust dismissal or suspension, disputes over the application of shop rules or local agreements—these are the kinds of disputes, which if not handled quickly and justly can ruin the morale of a railroad's force. Under the Transportation Act, if such disputes cannot be settled on the ground, and no Adjustment Board has been established (and only two such boards were ever set up) such a dispute must go directly to the Labor Board at Chicago; and such disputes have come to the Board by the thousands. This has meant considerable expense, and weeks and months of delay, during which time the undecided dispute is magnified in importance, and is creating a wholly unnecessary litigous spirit on both sides. A further disastrous result has been the utter swamping of the Labor Board, so that it has had little time or energy for the broader problems of wage scales and rules. It may give some idea of how overwhelmed the Board really is to state that within the first two years of its existence the Board rendered decisions and interpretations in nearly 1,200 cases, and accumulated nearly 1,500 cases undisposed of. One of these controversies involved the question of only two hours pay for a single employee! Many others were of a similarly trivial nature.

The Transportation Act had contemplated this situation, and provided that Boards of Adjustment might be set up by agreement between the carriers and the organizations, to handle such matters, which if not settled in conference or before such Adjustment Boards should then be sent on up to the Labor Board. Although the union chiefs on three different occasions indicated to the management their entire willingness to join in setting up such boards, the executives, dominated by the hard-boiled faction in the Association of Railway Executives flatly refused. As a direct result, thousands of relatively unimportant disputes were dumped onto the already over-burdened Labor Board. The low quality of that Board's work, and its failure to handle effectively the administrative problems of railroad labor peace, is due in large measure to this defect.

Any new legislation enacted should provide for National Boards of Adjustment, to be set up by mandate of law and not by agreement. Such boards should not be organized on the plan of the present Labor Board, with the possibly logical but quite impractical tripartite arrangement; they should be intra-industry groups of veteran railroaders, evenly divided between the men and management, whose purpose it shall be to adjust personal grievances and interpret rules and agreements quickly and in accordance with the special technique prevailing in the railroad industry. Such National Boards of Adjustment are not new: during federal control such boards were set up, covering the different classes of employees. The fact that labor difficulties during their existence were at a minimum attests to their effectiveness. Although the boards were bi-partisan, on the board covering train service employees, for example, there never was either a dead-lock or a minority report. The same method has been used for some time on the Canadian railroads with satisfaction to the parties and the public. A competent observer, speaking of these boards, and urging that they be continued after federal control declared that "the fact that the boards are bipartisan without any 'umpire' or

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'neutral member' and all . . . members are experts in railroad agreement matters have led both officials and employees to have confidence not only in the fairness of decisions reached but as to the technical ability of the members of the boards to pass intelligently upon all controversies submitted for decision."

A third serious defect in the Transportation Act is the lack of any skilled and experienced government body whose job it is to promote mediation and conciliation of railroad labor disputes. Probably the most successful features of any railroad labor law ever enacted in this country were the mediation provisions of the Erdman and Newlands Acts, which were in constant use for over twenty years.

The record of such commissioners as Judge Knapp and Dr. Neill in inducing obdurate leaders on both sides to retire from extreme positions, and their success in breaking the tightest deadlocks, is the proudest record of achievement in industrial peace we have. During the past four years the railway labor situation has suffered from the lack of the services of just such skilled labor adjusters as were provided by this previous legislation—men who were not only impartial, but of a stature to command respect, and well versed in the intricacies of the railroad industry and with the science of labor adjustments. The type of men picked for a place on the Railroad Labor Board, as representatives of the "public," is a good illustration (barring the case of Mr. Hanger) of the sort of appointees who would *not* be fitted as mediators. The task of such mediators, who should be named by the President, with the consent of the Senate, and enjoy the prestige of a high government standing, should be to gather up the threads where repeated unsuccessful conferences have left them.

Legislation which, first, emphasizes agreements between the parties, reached through conferences between genuine representatives of each side; second, provides for the erection of adjustment boards of the sort described; third, reënacts the mediation provisions of the Newlands Act, will be assured the earnest support of the more than 2,000,000 railroad workers, of the more liberal and intelligent of the executives, and, because it gives the greatest assurance of railroad peace, of the general public.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL.

"Selling the Company"

THE plant paper or employees' magazine is one of the numerous cures for unrest which American industry has tried within the last decade. Established, sometimes in connection with, sometimes independently of welfare or "industrial relations" programs, these magazines now represent a capital investment of, roughly, $4,000,000, and constitute an article of some bulk in the journalistic diet of the working class. They are published "for," "in the interests of," "for the information and inspiration of," occasionally "for and by"—note the word "by"—the employees of a corporation. Editorship is vested in divers officials—sales manager, advertising chief, personnel manager, factory superintendent, and, rarely, in an editorial board. The money is put up by the management, the cost varying from a few cents per employee yearly to a total of $50,000 per annum. The paper is circularized free of charge to all employees, and is sometimes mailed to their home addresses. Families and friends may be put on the mailing list by request. Some firms even retain their laid off employees as readers. In a large corporation the circulation includes the personnel of the sales force and the stockholders.

The magazines are usually meant to promote industrial efficiency. Editors are rarely more explicit, and since all manner of activities from detective service to shortening of hours are regularly urged, definition sheds little light on the character of the magazines. Some editors conduct publicity campaigns to eliminate the wastes of heavy accident rates, of sickness and tardiness; they put their ingenuity at the disposal of the company doctors, nurses and safety engineers. Others open their columns to suggestion competitions, thus stimulating the employees to think and contrive while on the job; towards this end they print technical and descriptive articles, explaining a series of manufacturing processes, or the ultimate destination and uses of the product.

Still other editors pursue a different object: they plainly tell the employee that he is fortunate to work for a good and great company and they demand in return his loyalty and enthusiasm cash down. Moreover, his loyalty is explicitly and concretely directed: he is expected to speak well of the company, to buy its products and sell them to his entourage; to uphold his employer's political actions and beliefs—besides putting strong effort and obedient will into the routine of his job for the required number of hours per week. Certain perspicacious writers have discovered that the employee's home environment, his habits and conduct outside the factory influence productive efficiency to an alarming extent. They therefore urge him to cultivate regular habits, long hours of sleep, moderation in amusements. Even the elimination of gossiping, slander and family quarrels is supposed to help efficiency, presumably because it establishes the habit of minding one's own

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business, thus making the worker immune to agitation.

There is still another journalistic route to supposed industrial efficiency: the editor may shrink from either teaching or preaching to his audience and may choose simply to amuse them. During the war factory operatives were often assembled during the noon hour in the restaurant or courtyard for a "community sing." Singing was found to be a cheap and elementary form of enjoyment. Output charts are supposed to have indicated noticeable improvement under the stimulus of music. To spend $10,000 a year in producing a funny paper for the factory is a similar though more elaborate form of stimulation. The technique is simple enough: comics, jokes, personal and social notes, especially those of a mildly teasing nature, cartoons, are the ingredients. Nearly every employees' magazine utilizes such material, with this difference, however, that, while some make it their bait or trimming, others offer practically nothing more substantial.

Each of the types of layout described possesses its own peculiar stylistic vehicle. The magazines which aim to inspire adopt a cordial, sentimental and evangelical vocabulary; those which specialize in humor often cultivate slang and shop jargon and even avoid a grammatical expression if there is an ungrammatical idiom at hand. A few editors have made a stand for literary form, but these are ridiculed as purists and denounced as undemocratic by the majority. The "efficiency" magazines speak the language of the professional salesman: breezy, resourceful, intimate, full of punch, and man-to-man common sense. Reading these magazines is to me like fingering a gold brick—but that is perhaps a personal idiosyncracy.

To one who is interested in the magazines from the standpoint of the relations between labor and management, those which are purely humorous and gossipy are of slight importance. Perhaps they grease the wheels, but they cannot conjure obstacles off the tracks or repair dislocations in the machinery. The part which the magazines essay to play in character-building similarly lacks significance. If the editorial policy goes to such lengths as the Magnolia Oil News' indorsement of a campaign for compulsory thrift under the slogan, "Save or Be Fired," we can safely count the publication among the sources of irritation in industry.

The subjects which really touch the relations of capital and labor and which are therefore of primary interest to labor are wages, hours, methods of collective bargaining, working conditions (including regularity of employment), and the status of employer and employee. It hardly seems possible that a journal published "for" or "in the interests of the employees" can neglect these vital subjects and still remain true to its subtitle! Yet it requires extended search to discover among the employee magazines even an occasional account of the doings of a joint committee under a representation plan, or a discussion, even from the managerial point of view, of the company's wage policy. Alterations in factory arrangement, carried out in the interests of the employee's comfort or of increased production, are sometimes given publicity. The actual jobs do not come under fire. In my experience I have come across a single reference to hours and that was the General Chemical Bulletin, congratulating itself upon the chemical industry's fifty-four-hour week compared to an average forty-nine-hour week in other industries, as a sign of superior conditions of employment.

These impressions are confirmed by a Report of the National Personnel Association, published in 1922, which states:

> During the recent wage disturbances throughout the country a survey made of 300 employee publications showed that only one threw open its columns to a frank discussion of the subject.
>
> In another case there was a brief editorial referring to the subject, and in the third instance there was a cartoon showing capital and labor playing cards.
>
> The other 297 had no reference to wages.

Employment, hours, wages, the welfare of workers in other companies, industries or countries seem not to have the slightest news value for these magazines. A few editors are heartily in favor of teaching the employee the "fundamental economic laws of the business world" but genuine discussion of the subject has not yet obtained a foothold in their pages. Probably with the spread of classes in "employee economics" which certain large firms are beginning to conduct, we may look for larger attention to such subjects. For the most part the editors are too busy advertising their own companies—selling them to the employees—to care much for generalizations which bring competitors to the front.

Judged by the opinions which industrial editors air freely in the trade papers, the magazine which deals with the most numerous phases of the workers' life is counted the most efficient; the magazine which publishes the social gossip of a plant, plentifully illustrated with snapshot photographs: (the ideal magazine, we are told by one editor, aims to publish 2,000 names per annum, so that practically every employee may see his name in print at least once a twelve-month); the magazine which is cut to fit the employee's overcoat pocket, in order that it will be assured a circulation in the home where the wife will clip the recipes and fashion notes, and the children, inspired by the pages intended for their consumption, will look forward to the day when they too will enter the company's employment office. These are the devices which aim at the kind of success the editors covet. Once the attention of the employee

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and his family has been thus arrested, the editor may proceed to the more serious business of suggesting a mode of life and building a character for the employee: he should own a home in the vicinity of the factory, an automobile, perhaps some stock in the corporation, plant a garden, start a savings account. He should strive for promotion, but, failing that, should feel a glow of satisfaction in plodding faithfully away at the same job for a quarter of a century. Certain editors seem to perceive the incongruity of bestowing equal praise and publicity on the man who gets promoted and the man who does not; but since both types of individuals are profitable to the firm, the discrepancy will probably continue.

The employer has thus—so he fondly supposes!—at last hit upon a combination of the factors which produce a stable and docile working force and the factors which bring contentment to the employee. Few editors are, however, satisfied to let these attractive models of existence speak for themselves. To be sure, up-to-date editors discountenance outright "company laudation," but even they rarely leave the employee free to make his own deductions about the virtue of a company which shares profits, aids in home building, or runs a summer vacation camp, or which, even if these solid evidences of good will are lacking, at least dispenses free advice concerning happiness and how to get it. Most editors do not trust the employee's sense of gratitude. They must put the words, somewhat in the following order, into his mouth:

1. I believe in my employer.
2. I believe in my company's policies.
3. I believe in myself.
4. I believe in my co-workers.
5. I believe in doing my work well.
6. I believe that I will get out of life just what I put into it.
7. I believe in the products we manufacture.
8. I believe that more people need to use Magnolene.
9. I believe that those who buy Magnolene are favored.

Magnolia Oil News, January, 1923.

From this it is but a step to the creed written by the professional journalist, or essayist, and inserted like a syndicated news item in employee magazines all over the country:

A Creed by Henry A. Earnshaw

I believe in myself and in my friends. I believe in my company—in humanity in general and that the good in the world far outweighs the bad. I believe that I shall receive justice and a square deal. I believe that if I do my best, if I study to improve myself and look cheerfully upon life and its tasks, whatever rewards may be justly due me I shall receive.

I believe that business is simply organized service.

I believe that the work I am doing is worth while.

Thus the magazine endeavors to "sell the company" to the worker! This syndicated creed is not the product of any specific welfare program in any particular factory. It does not reflect the relations between a real employer and a real body of employees. Yet it is used as a valid argument for any stimulus to the personal loyalty of an employee in the Continental Mills of Germantown—the factory, in whose paper I happen to have seen the article appear—and in more besides.

An editorial policy, which clings to fact and simple logic, which interests itself in the questions that occur unfailingly to workers whenever they have been allowed to pursue their own trains of thought—an editor, who wants to give out information and not only inspiration, is still something of a curiosity. The information actually imparted invariably consists of what the employer wants to tell, not necessarily of what the worker wants to know. The editor is in fact the mouthpiece of the company and as such simply puts the managerial views and expectations on paper. Even such breadth of view as is characteristic of a liberal employment manager is a rarity.

The employee magazine that enters into a discussion of economic probabilities, social theories, political measures, makes but a sorry showing. It is then that the limitations, or rather the dangers of the publications, become obvious. A paper financially supported by the employer, edited in his office, sometimes under his censorship, is of course subject to all the evils of a subsidized press. The editor in fact has hardly more independence than the advertiser, who would usually be out of a job if he told the whole truth about the company's products. Like the "ad" composer, the industrial editor has not the shadow of influence or control over the article he is engaged in boosting—namely, the company's labor policy.

One might suppose that in view of the bias of the magazines some of the more pushing editors would aim at perfecting their publications in the art of propaganda. Why should they attack government regulation, unionism and socialist fallacies only intermittently and half-heartedly when they might be developing a weapon of real power for the employers' side? The reluctance of editors to go so far is, I think, explicable. In the first place, to do popular, social, political and economic writing requires more effort than the collecting of miscellaneous jokes, anecdotes and moral epigrams. Many magazines owe more to scissors and paste than to the pen. In the second place, an aggressive policy might provoke a fatal "come-back" from labor. In the third place, their present methods are perhaps deadlier to radicalism than a frontal attack.

A Robot cast in an arbitrary mould does not think or act out of his character. In fact he does not think at all. He accepts, performs, enjoys elementary satisfactions. The subtlest form of propaganda is therefore that which numbs or de-

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stroys thought. At this the employee magazine really aims. In the entire range of employee journalism there is no intellectual appeal or stimulus to the employee. Even prejudice and passion are rare, because the aim is to divert rather than to misrepresent. The cheapness of the magazines' literary aims and achievements, the cult of slang, the driveling sentimentality of the "human interest stories," the volume of utterly trivial anecdotes and practical jokes, are all meant to stabilize the working force, because they tend to choke off whatever critical and rebellious faculties are faintly stirring in the American worker.

When shall we have a corporation publication, which states facts, opens its columns to workers, and, instead of trying to sell the company to the worker, recognizes the worker as a personality fully entitled to his own point of view and just as fully entitled to express it in the publication that assumes to speak for the "company" of which he is an organic part, and for him?

JEAN ATHERTON FLEXNER

A Public School Experiment

ACCORDING to a widely current doctrine, there is and must always be a division of labor between the public and the private schools. The private school may undertake extended experiments. It is free, within wide limits to teach such subjects as seem promising, by such methods as appear hopeful. The public school, being essentially bureaucratic, may adopt only the subjects and methods that seem to have a virtual certainty of success. The function of the private school, according to this view, is to probe all things. That of the public school is to hold fast that which is good, or if not good, at least generally acceptable.

There is much justice in these observations. Yet it will not do to press too far the distinction between private and public school. The former is not so free nor the latter so bureaucratic as we usually assume. The public schools, in spite of the handicaps of inadequate staff, congested buildings, political interference, do respond to the spirit of educational progress. In New York City, where these handicaps are naturally more serious than in smaller cities we nevertheless find significant educational experiments, partly under direct official supervision and guidance, and partly with the encouragement and approval of the supervisory staff. These experiments range in thoroughness from mere regrading and regrouping of children to radical departures from that most sacred of all school traditions—the course of study.

One of the most remarkable of educational experiments is now being carried through by Miss Elisabeth Irwin, under joint public and private auspices. The Children's Aid Society has donated the top floor of its building at 535 East Sixteenth Street, and will gradually give the whole building as the work expands. Miss Irwin herself is employed by the Public Education Association, but her staff, except the teacher of music, are public school teachers, and the classes are officially a part of Public School 61, and under the supervision of the Department of Education. Dr. George M. Parker of the Psychiatrist Research Foundation and three associates are also connected with the experiment.

The work started February, 1923, with one hundred children who had attended school for one term. They are now in their second year and their number will be augmented next fall by another group of beginners. It is Miss Irwin's hope to carry these children up to the junior high school, adding new children to fill the lower grades each term. Her classes now are of four types: bright, normal, dull-normal, and neurotic. Mental defectives are excluded, since they are already fairly well provided for in the public schools. Preliminary psychological and psychiatric examinations determine in what class each child enters. He is later shifted from one group to another as his needs require.

Except for the normal class, Miss Irwin has greatly reduced the scope of formal work in the three R's. It is her belief that children at this age—between six and seven—require physical exercise, a chance to develop the larger muscles, sensory training in the free use of appropriate materials, clay, wood, sand, color, weaving, plants and the like. She has got rid of immovable school desks, blackboards, etc. Instead, she has provided little wicker easy chairs, tables suited to small statures, work-benches, a typewriter, low shelves containing playthings, flowers, and even a miniature zoo. Bright yellow walls, gay cretonnes at the windows and a frieze of children's drawings complete the picture.

In the work-rooms, Miss Irwin's children are given an opportunity to gain experience at first hand, freely and naturally. There is no need, she thinks of hurrying along the teaching of symbols. Any normal child will learn to read before he is ten if he is exposed to books by those who value them. There is no use in torturing an imaginative child of six or seven with a dull reading routine. No child, however, is too young to begin the study of literature. "Mother Goose rhymes, folk tales, stories of every day life begin to interest a child during his second year and from then on he will take all he can get. Because he is not taught

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reading at an early age is no reason to skimp his fund of imaginative material."* Similarly with writing. In Miss Irwin's opinion, which she holds in common with many other educators and psychologists, nothing is gained and very much is lost by insistence on the child's learning to write at an early age. "No child under eight should be expected to form letters less than a foot high, and even then no high standard of perfection should be imposed." The nerve strain is too severe.

The daily program in Miss Irwin's class rooms bears little resemblance to that of the traditional school. The gifted children—who by the way do not know any more than do the others that they have been classed according to mental ability—spend their first period each day in "talking things over." Miss Irwin places great emphasis on the value to the child of learning to talk. She repudiates utterly the traditional rule, "children should be seen, not heard." The taboo on children's talking in the conventional class room has worked so injuriously that "even when they are released to the playground, their communication with one another consists almost entirely of nudges, shouts and monosyllables." Miss Irwin's children discuss neighborhood and family events, personal exploits or failures, what they saw at their last expedition to the Museum or to the docks. The group sits about informally, discussing naturally as any group will do. There is none of that painful silence which marks so many attempts at class room conversation when a child, at a signal from the teacher, rises awkwardly, says something in a stereotyped fashion and then hastily sits down.

Following the discussion period, there may be an hour of work in reading or arithmetic, since these gifted children demand these subjects—largely because of pressure on the part of their parents. After that comes a half hour of music, dancing, rhythm, simple instruments and then play. The afternoon is devoted entirely to free activities. Children may choose to read, to write, to work with hammer, typewriter, weaving, painting, blocks, to run errands on behalf of some class activity, go on expeditions, and the like.

Each class has its own "project" about which most of its group activities centre. The projects selected for the past term were Indians by the gifted group, a store by the normal, short plays by the dull, and a circus by the neurotic class. The Indians dress in costume, and have constructed a large wigwam, a real tom-tom, and other Indian paraphernalia fashioned after models in the Museum. They make Indian books and enter in them notes on Indian lore and custom. Once a week one class entertains the rest by an assembly period devoted to their particular project. The children plan and execute the entire performance.

The daily program of the other groups is similar, except that the work is modified according to the needs of each. Academic work has only recently been begun by the dull class, but the emphasis is placed upon dramatic exercises, upon music and work with materials, color, drawing, shellacing, etc. The principle underlying Miss Irwin's work with the dull group is that ordinary academic training for such children limits rather than helps them. It pushes them into classes "where they are destined always to be at the tail end . . . If we were to analyze 1,000 school children who are social and educational misfits, the great majority of them would certainly be found to belong to this group. The truants, the holdovers, the disciplinary cases are preponderantly of the dull normal type." Miss Irwin does not despair of children of this sort. Given an appropriate training, there is a great variety of useful and agreeable occupations open to them. To try instead to force them through a training for which they are not fitted is to inflict signal injury upon them.

The neurotic class is conducted on the assumption that naughtiness and misbehavior are therapeutic rather than moral problems. These children are made the subject of special care and treatment by Dr. Parker and his associates, who give advice as to both their school and extra-school activities.

The class for neurotic children is important not only because it is salvaging lives that would otherwise be thwarted and socially wasted, but also because of the light the work sheds on the education of normal children. Much has been learned about the intelligence of normal children from watching the training of those mentally defective. Similarly, much may be discovered about normal emotional development through work with children suffering from neuroses and fears. "We have learned from the neurotic child," Miss Irwin says, "to what a startling degree the emotional status of an individual conditions his future functioning. Yet the school throughout its history has ignored the feeling life of the individual as something outside its province. . . . Perhaps the great hope of the future of education lies in the fact that so far as we know the emotional life of the individual may be infinitely educated."

It is too early to draw definite conclusions from Miss Irwin's experiment. Years of work will have to be done before we can know certainly what kind of training best fits each group, or even how permanent the group limits are. We cannot doubt, however, that Miss Irwin is on the track of an educational reform of immense importance. The fact that such an experiment can be carried on with the coöperation of the public educational authorities is one of the most encouraging signs of the times.

AGNES DE LIMA.

* The quotations in this article are reproduced by courtesy of The Macmillan Company from their forthcoming book, Fitting the School to the Child, by Elisabeth Irwin and Louis Marks.

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Mr. Croesus, His Paradise

IT is a spot truly tropical, exotic, flawless far beyond the dreams of that workaday America which is spread across the colder part of this continent in cities little and big, earning money amid signboards, gas tanks, railroad switches and Pants-Pressing Clubs. All winter long it lies beneath a July sun, in its glory of palm and pine, a white clean strand as pure as though bleached and sifted, long creamy breakers bursting out of a sea which is by turns deep sapphire, translucent jade, and the most imperial purple. It is a Paradise made by God and fenced by man.

The keenest pleasure is always derived from the contemplation of ultimates. Who wants to look at the next highest mountain, or to hear the singing of the contralto most famous and scandalous save one? To the seeker of finalities this place may be commended. In America all orators are famous, all sermons inspiring, every trollope who sticks a knife through her paramour's gizzard becomes in the papers a beautiful movie queen. But Palm Beach is real. Its millionaires have that much. Its beautiful women can stand daylight. Its mid-winter climate is not merely less cold, but hot.

In this entrancing artificial world there are but two classes: the tribe of Croesus, and those who serve them. Exceptions of a sort are, item, the young men in the stock and bond house branches, item, the society reporters and photographers from New York and item, (to be catalogued with delicacy) Certain Ladies, Ladies who have more beauty than inhibitions.

The gates which guard this Paradise are spiritual only; they exist in the minds of the female hierarchy. There is no law to prevent anyone sufficiently affluent from spending a winter basking in this sun-drenched retreat. But man is gregarious; he does not freely seek a snubbing, nor (despite the popular idea) does woman. Rare, therefore, is the spectacle of the newly rich from Kalamazoo seeking to become a resident angel. Those with money and no more, if they frequent Florida, settle elsewhere—Miami, Ormond Beach, St. Petersburg. There they sit all winter, rocking on the piazzas, telling one another how much they prefer this to that dull Palm Beach.

From their point of view they are right. The surface of life as lived here by the favored few is as quiet as a country Sunday. One must be of a slightly romantic turn of mind in order to catch the sweep and power of the display beneath its monastic exterior. If you were led blindfold to this spot and unveiled you would see only the glory of sky, surf, and palms; long rows of rather pretty cottages; and well-dressed men and women, the former in white flannel trousers and dark coats, moving about in wheel chairs of wicker, each propelled by a darky on bicycle pedals.

Your first clue might come as you noted the rigorously faithful way in which one day-long routine is followed. Here is none of that slack, undisciplined doing what you please which is found among other and deplorable people. Everyone does precisely what all do, at precisely the same time. Breakfast at nine, bathe at eleven, stroll on the beach from twelve until luncheon, which is at one. Golf at two-thirty, and tea out-of-doors in the Poinciana's Cocoanut Grove, at half-past five. Dinner at seven-thirty, and thereafter, gambling at Bradley's, dancing at the Everglades Club, or a peaceful game of bridge, somewhere, until one or two in the morning. Including one's breakfast apparel if any, this means a minimum of six changes a day, for men and women alike. For the latter, at least two of the day's costumes are such as must not be worn more than four or five times in a season. Palm Beach is kind to modistes!

It is a life which needs vigorous health, and those who come to Palm Beach have it. Why not? In the summer they are at Newport or Bar Harbor, in the autumn at Lenox or Tuxedo, in the spring at White Sulphur Springs, and in between times at Southampton or on the Riviera or in Scotland. The year 'round they follow healthy outdoor amusement; their food is the best and not too much of it; men and women have alike a horror of getting fat, and grossness of any sort is the worst of social errors. They are healthier-looking, decidedly, than an equal number of college undergraduates; the fetish of keeping fit is one of many things they have borrowed from their beau ideal, which is English country society.

Their good health, real or assumed, is so perfect as to be somewhat theatrical, and this is proper, for their whole life has something fictitious about it. Even to one another, if appearance and speech do not belie them, they seem like puppets in a play. In weary Europe, long generations of use have made it possible to take wealth for granted; but over here it is still enormously romantic, even though the family acquired its money before you were born.

This theatricalism is most apparent, perhaps, in the greatest hour of the day, that on the beach before lunch. Here Midas and his wife will come as near to strutting as good taste permits. If some anarchist wanted to upset financial and industrial affairs completely (even though only temporarily) he could hardly do better than to bomb the little carpet of sand before the long white wooden Casino, at high noon. At that moment

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you will find concentrated at that spot a surprisingly large number of the leaders of the business world. Here in one little knot you will see one of the country's three greatest bankers, a railroad president, a hugely paid newspaper editor, an ambassador, senators by the handful, an American sculptor more famous in Paris than New York. These giants, however diverse their realms, all know each other. The editor addresses by an affectionate diminutive the politician whom he has been assaulting in his famous syndicated editorials. The sculptor, a genuine and great artist, betrays a lively interest in finding out from his friend Bill, the noted stock exchange gambler, whether the market will continue to break or has reached the bottom.

The parade of the giants is the most striking but not, of course, the most frequent phenomenon of this crowded hour of glorious sunlit beach life. Most frequent is beautiful womanhood, singly, in pairs, trios, bunches.

Mere man may not attempt to describe what they wear; their costumes are all light in color—white and palest coral, palest lavender and blue. No costume seems longer than ten minutes from the hands of Madame La Modiste. By tradition, of course, ladies of high social rank are supposed to be fat, pendulous-cheeked dowagers who gaze enviously at the roseleaves of the dairymaid. As usual, tradition is wrong. Hardly one of these magnificent ones seems more than thirty. Mother and daughter here make the familiar lie come true. One and all have heeded the advertising slogan which says (does it not?) Don't Envy A Beautiful Complexion; Go Down to the Drug Store and Buy One. A face left unadorned, or decorated only with pulverized talc, is as rare, and would be thought about as improper as a torso similarly exposed. Yet here is no chorus girl kalsomine; but cosmetics applied so skilfully as to defy—not detection, for there is no attempt to imitate nature—but criticism. If anyone in America does not know it, let the fact be here recorded, that the season's style in faces requires a smooth and uniform blue-brown for the whole countenance, except the lips. These range from poisonous scarlet to the blue popularly supposed to follow too long submergence in too cold water.

To one observer there seems a sharp difference between the spiritual attitudes of male and female in this charmed circle. Most of the men have achieved success of some sort by their own effort; the few who are just fathers' sons keep admirably in the background. The man who has carved his own success, of whatever sort, has an air about him as unmistakable as it is easily imitated (vide almost any movie). It is an air of self-confidence, of unaffectedness, of approaching the world like a jiu-jitsu wrestler who can and will reduce it to helplessness with a flick of the wrist. Here on this lovely strand beneath the kindly sun, the gentlemen are relaxed and easy. But the ladies seem the opposite: tense, nervous, humorless. They take their little game as life and death. Nothing distracts them from it; kingdoms may crash in Europe, millions die in Chinese typhoons, and they will not halt even long enough to mention these cataclysmic affairs. Their minds are desperately intent on the immediate problem: am I getting on here as rapidly as I should? Or, am I holding quite securely to the place I have achieved?

A discipline so acute naturally leaves little time for the pursuit of minor matters; and the feminine contingent must therefore not be blamed if it appears never to read a book nor a serious magazine; if it has only the vaguest idea of what is going on in the world; and if its conversation be disastrously dull to anyone outside the social treadmill in which it spends its life. There is in fact but one institution here which seems to draw the ladies out of their preoccupation: Bradley's.

Bradley's, Palm Beach's most famous and chief attraction, is a club, with a membership of both sexes, where gambling for high stakes is carried on from two each afternoon until four the following morning. Public gambling is illegal in Florida; and therefore no one may enter Bradley's who is not a member. To become one takes several minutes: you need an introduction from someone already in that beatific state, and you must be able to sign your name. The ease with which these portals are passed is of course widely known; and Palm Beach fondly believes—without any proof—that a large sum is spent each year to insure the proper apathy among the state officials.

Most of the gaming is done in a large six-sided room, two stories high, with a circular balcony from which armed men peer down upon the play below—a natural precaution in view of the many thousands of dollars in sight. Roulette and hazard are the favorites, though in private rooms on the floor above chemin de fer is played for even heavier stakes. The main room is always crowded and particularly after dinner, when evening dress is required. This rule is rigidly enforced; Palm Beach gossip narrates with glee that Harry F. Sinclair, a gentleman not unknown to the headlines, had a quarrel with the management some time ago because he tried—unsuccessfully—to gain admittance in a sack suit after seven o'clock.

Those sufficiently well known may play on credit; which has resulted in the creation of a painful index expurgatorius containing the names of gentlemen who do not pay their gambling debts.

At Bradley's they tell the story which may be heard at every famous gambling casino in the world—always with a local application. It is not bad; and I for one, insist on believing it. It seems that a gentleman whom we might call Mr. F. played chemin de fer at the club one night and lost $50,000. Next day a beautiful young woman appeared in Mr. Bradley's private office, drew a revolver from her handbag and announced that

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she proposed instantly to kill herself. When he expostulated she explained that she was Mrs. F., that the sum her husband had lost the night before was the end of a huge fortune all gone the same way, and that she had nothing left to live for. The club proprietor pleaded with her, for some time in vain; but at last, on his agreeing to return the $50,000, she promised to live. Bradley in his turn made a stipulation: Mr. F. was never to enter the club again. The lady promised, took the money, and departed. That evening, the owner was surprised and angered to find the husband seated at a hazard table playing as usual. Somewhat roughly he demanded to know why. "Don't you know," he said, "that I gave your wife $50,000 this morning on condition that you would never come here again?"

"Sir," returned Mr. F., "I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't any wife."

Bradley's is strictly dry. No liquor may be had on its premises and those who have taken more than is good for them are, whenever possible, refused admittance. In its observation of the Volstead law, the club is unique in Palm Beach. Everywhere else there is quite as much, perhaps a little more drinking than in pre-prohibition days. The only difference is that now hardly anyone drinks wine. Champagne is the only exception, and a very minor one. Whiskey and gin are the primary tipples—imported of course, from Cuba or Nassau.

Scenes of wild dissipation are far rarer in this retreat of the millionaire than one would suppose who based his views on the Sunday magazine section of Mr. Hearst's newspapers—that marvelous section wherein all millionaires wear full dress and a high silk hat, at no matter what time of day, and lead lives persistently wicked to the point, one would think of exhaustion. Palm Beach, so well disciplined in other matters, knows also how to hold its liquor. Only occasionally will you see a gilded youth with Valentino sideburns who has taken a larger cargo on board than is desirable, and *he* is less likely to be Croesus, Jr., than one of these unexplained young men who occupy a dubious post in the menage of a rich, elderly lady without a husband. Only now and then does a flapper essay to dance at the Everglades when even sitting up in a chair is more than she should attempt; and *she* is not so probably Midas's daughter, as one of those all-too-lovely young creatures who have everything any girl could have—except a chaperone and a reputation.

Popular supposition, in fact, is never more wrong than when it imagines America's leisure class to consist of persons who indulge their physical appetites without the least restraint. They "dissipate," certainly; but it is the exceptional person who goes to excess and he is damned by his fellows with that most terrible characterization: a rotter. The majority lead sharply disciplined lives—much more so than the rest of us. Their class tradition imposes on them limits which, ridiculous as it may sound, are a little like the asceticism attributed to the ancient Samurai of Japan. Even when they are devoid of ideas, as the women and most of the children of both sexes seem to be, they have a sharp sense of responsibility. No doubt this is engendered by a belief that somehow they deserve their wealth together with all of its emoluments; but the result is the same. Here in this bright spot, as everywhere else that they go, their lives are filled with concentrated activity; though their efforts are devoted to futile and meaningless ends, they have at least the merit of being pursued intensely. Palm Beach does not live dangerously; but it lives hard.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Palm Beach, Florida.

A Poem

If you don't love my love, my dear
    It is not there.
What you don't love can never be
A thought of mine, a part of me
    And so beware
For every smile and every tear
Is born of hope and bred of fear
    only despair
Is mine alone; and being mine
Can blot your image lock your shrine.

In the still dust beneath your feet
I lie alone and incomplete
    But you,
Though you may pass me in disdain,
Will know the all fulfilling pain
    And rue
The burning love that, liking not,
You fanned to flame and left to rot.

For it is not my love, my dear
    Has died
But you; the glow-worms in your eyes
The singing echoes of your sighs
    That lied.
Where is the brightness of the glance
That taught my secret thoughts to dance?

    Tell me
Where is the music in your voice
That made the nightingale rejoice?
    I see
No more sweet hopes, no more sweet fears
You've lost your smiles, you've lost my tears.

    Yet how
Deep in your soul by day and night
My constant love gave warmth and light
With many a bitter blast it fought
Blood of your heart, bone of your thought
    And now
My love you have extinguished
And you, my dear, not I, are dead—

ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

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An Imaginary Conversation

Mr. Paul Rosenfeld and Mr. Matthew Josephson

MR. ROSENFELD. I have been very much interested, Mr. Josephson, to read in a recent number of Broom your review of Elinor Wylie's poetry. I have never precisely understood your position before but you have now made it quite clear.

Mr. Josephson. It is a point of view of which I think a clear statement has been long overdue in America; it is the only point of view, I am sure, which will allow Americans to realize themselves creatively. I was really much surprised upon my return from a prolonged absence abroad to see that none of the professional literary people in the country had had the boldness or the intelligence to formulate it: it stares them in the face on every hand. Gilbert Seldes, in his articles on the movies, the jazz-band and the comic strip, has come nearer to it than anyone else; but even he is still intimidated by the pretenses of what is officially regarded as "artistic;" he insists upon trying to believe in Bugs Baer and Sherwood Anderson both at the same time; he will not admit that Irving Berlin has rendered Schoenberg uninteresting and unnecessary.

Mr. Rosenfeld. I see; but I really feel that Seldes's position is more easily tenable than yours. For you want people not merely to appreciate the vulgar but also to forget the fine. You say, for example, in your review of Mrs. Wylie, "The large imaginative, daring, formidable people in America are mostly to be found on the vaudeville stage, in the movies, the advertising business, prize-fighting, railroads, Wall Street. One is led to this conclusion by observing to what an alarming extent those who produce poetry lack such virtues. Art is purveyed for small persecuted colonies, dispersed throughout this continent, and hidden away among its stone walls and steel foundations. They simply do not join in the great funny time that is being had by all. . . . Thus, while the age itself is given to upheaval, our poets, insensibly enough, strike perfectly traditional poses and have nothing to say which would place them in this time rather than in Heine's or Landor's time." Now, in the first place, I should deny completely that Mrs. Wylie's poetry does not express anything real in American life. It does not, to be sure, express any of the emotions of a pugilist, a vaudeville actor or an advertising man; but it does convey something which lies below the lives of many educated Americans—and that is not merely an imitation of the emotions of Heine or Landor but a feeling which, when it finds vent at all, acquires a peculiar intensity and brilliance from the hardness of the unsympathetic surface which society presents to it and the severity of the Puritan tradition which has not taught it how to expand. Elinor Wylie is the Edith Wharton of our poets. Her pride, her submerged passion and her culture are all characteristically American, characteristic of a certain class of Americans in the East; her images of glass and bronze and gold and graved flint and crystal lenses have the hardness and exactitude and glitter of the world in which she lives; they could have been cast in no other society but our own. When I read Mrs. Wylie I think of high rooms in expensive dustless houses, of old mirrors and silver-ware kept up to looking unnaturally new, of gilt backs of Keats and Congreve behind the panes of mahogany book-cases. Or rather she is the soul who has learned the discipline of such things and finds itself in revolt against them, who feels that stirring within her which would destroy them all, which would make her to arise and follow after the milk-white hounds of the moon. She is the pang of the heart that is transfixed by the splinter-sharp ice of lack, the woman-cry in its sheerest bell-timbers—snow-silvers, white-golds, copper-blues—

Mr. Josephson. Go on; that is very amusing; but I hope you don't consider it criticism.

Mr. Rosenfeld. What do you mean? I thought that Mrs. Wylie did express something and I was trying to explain what.

Mr. Josephson. It is just that sort of thing which has compelled my colleagues and me to write about you so much and so unfavorably. The day for rhapsody as a substitute for exact aesthetic analysis has long gone by. The truth is that there is nothing of the kind to be found in Mrs. Wylie's poems; that is all a pure fantasy of your own. You are a romanticist in the wrong century. You believe that all your feelings are important and that the aim of writing is to let them go. If you measured your feelings against the fact you would see that your outburst has nothing to do with Mrs. Wylie and if you measured Mrs. Wylie against it you would see that she is not important at all. Neither you nor Elinor Wylie exists in the face of the great American Fact.

Mr. Rosenfeld. I may be a romanticist but I believe in the value of a tradition; and, to return to your review of Black Armour, I don't see why Elinor Wylie should not be allowed to build on Heine and Landor. I know that every artist invents his own language and that those languages change with civilization. First Beethoven is unintelligible; then Wagner; then Stravinsky; but in the end the world always recognizes that their language is its own. Yet each one of these men had built on his predecessor and without him could not have existed. Virgil imitated Homer and Dante imitated Virgil; yet all three are completely different: they have written the poems of three different worlds. It is not merely a question of taking over a technique or of reflecting a point of view but of living up to a standard of excellence. I feel sure that you will see the force of what I say when I remind you how much Joyce's Ulysses is obviously indebted to both Homer and Dante, and how devotedly T. S. Eliot has gone to school to the Elizabethans.

Mr. Josephson. Precisely: and on that account neither is of very much interest to us. You are like all Americans who think themselves modern; you have the thrill of doing something sensational and the virtuous glow of doing something bold when you come out for The Waste Land or Ulysses. But the one is only the last spasm of naturalism as the other is the last gasp of romantic poetry. Joyce tries to brace himself to his dreary task of reporting bar-room conversations by playing a game with the structure of Homer just as Eliot, fleeing from a world he can-

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not face, seeks refuge in the Elizabethans; there is scarcely an original word in The Waste Land—there is scarcely a line which is not either a quotation or an echo of some other poet. Yet you American critics touted it extravagantly as an authentic interpretation of the world in which you live and in so doing joined the party of defeat. It is the same with Schoenberg, whom you admire and a passage of whose Pierrot Lunaire you have compared to Tristan und Isolde: you are right; but Schoenberg is the death of Wagner, the dissolution of a romantic corpse; he is the creaking of the rusty hinges in the ruined palace of Klingsor. Like Eliot, he has nothing left but the whine of a dry complaint. We who have been lately in Germany and France and have had the advantage of an acquaintance with some of the more tonic figures of the younger generation such as Tzara and the other Dadaists realize that Eliot and Schoenberg and Joyce are as dead for the purposes of the present as Shakespeare, Wagner and Flaubert. The man who would appreciate and interpret the gigantic, the gorgeous, the fantastic world of the twentieth century must identify himself with it, not cry out against it as they do, not be forever weeping for something which is finished and which can never come back again. That is why I say in the review to which you have taken such exception that the time "demands hardier poets, such as can straddle the language of our people, or know the genius of this people as well as a vaudeville comedian or an advertising copy-writer." You do not understand my position at all if you suppose that you can convince me of anything by the example of such moderns as Eliot or Joyce. Besides, with your usual romantic inexactitude, you have misstated my position completely: I did not say that Mrs. Wylie had built on her predecessors to create a language of her own; I have never admitted your contention that she has anything new to express. What I wrote was that "our poets have nothing to say which would place them in this time rather than in Heine's or Landor's." Mrs. Wylie translates Greek epigrams just exactly as Landor did; she writes a lyric on a Nocturne of Chopin. Of what use is that to anybody? The Greeks and Landor and Chopin were all very well in their time but they no longer represent anything real.

Mr. Rosenfeld. The life of feeling is always real. I grant you that its language changes—but man himself does not change so quickly in a mere two thousand years. He suffers the same chagrins; he is excited by the same passions. So long as he is capable of love and pain he will continue to read Sappho and Catullus, Heine, Musset and Keats and he will speak lyrically about his emotions very much as they have spoken. The language of the heart which has already survived from Sappho's world to Catullus's from Catullus's to Heine's and Musset's can hardly die overnight in our own in the space of a hundred years!

Mr. Josephson. It is just as I thought but even worse: you have not only made no adjustment to your time; you apparently do not even realize that there is an adjustment to be made. You still think yourself living in the early nineteenth century. I am sure that you read Goethe in the subway and sing Schubert in the shower. Yet the subway and the shower are more magnificent poems than anything Goethe or Schubert has for us. A giant obus of steel charged with human beings shot a hundred miles under earth! A gleaming canopy that at a touch of the hand sends down a cascade of crystal needles! What does the shower or the subway train care about the language of the heart? What did the people who created them care about it? What have Sappho and Catullus and Heine and Schubert and Elinor Wylie to say to the people who enjoy this monstrous poetry, whose lives are all compounded of it, who are themselves the improvisors of a titanic fantasy? And it is commercialism, it is industrialism which has created this astounding world; if you would interpret it you must take it on its own terms. The great processes of manufacture and distribution and organization go on with stupendous and resistless gestures; they are like the conquests of the Renaissance. And it is the vaudeville comedian or the comic artist who can catch the excitement of its hilarious brutality, the gusto of its gargantuan appetite. It is the writer of advertising copy who creates its true literature. "Meaty Marrowy Oxtail Joints:" there is the beauty of our real world, the beauty of selling something to eat and the joy of consuming it! "The velvety clutch responds to the merest pressure . . . the pliant but positive gears engage silently at a touch of the convenient control:" there is a cadence from motoring, the sensuous delicacies of machinery. People who spend all day in the glory of washing themselves in silver-fitted snow-dazzling bath-rooms with delicious non-sinkable soap, of eating such an abundance of different kinds of food as no nation in the world has ever known, of transporting themselves through the air, under the earth or across its surface and of selling all these marvels to other people who are delighted and eager to buy, such a race has ceased to feel the need for the "language of the heart." They have learned to do without the heart; their life is all in the joy of action. You will never be able to interest them in what you call literature again. Or music. Or plastic art. What does "literature" amount to now? Little poems in little magazines that nobody ever reads. What is music? You admire Varèse; but what is Varèse except the music of the streets?—and the streets do it better than he. The hawking taxis, the screaming sirens, the joyous yell of the mechanical life, all this we hear every day; it is the music to which we dance, to which the power-drunken city exults. It is an impertinence for a man like Varèse, who thinks he is doing people a favor, to try to capture a few of those glorious wild noises and tame them for the orchestra, and have them played at a single little concert where a few hundred people will listen. And what is painting? What is sculpture? A bad patriotic monument and a silly landscape the size of a playing-card in a gallery like a mausoleum which only a handful of people in New York will ever see and which the millions in the rest of the country will never even hear about! How can you put this up against the electric-sign which thousands of people see every day—a triumph of ingenuity, of color, of imagination!—which slings its enormous gold-green-red symbol across the face of the heavens themselves, which tells the world that it has made a Chewing Gum or a Soup or a Cigarette and that it wants Everybody to Try It? I tell you that culture so-called is finished; the human race no longer believes in it. That is why I have given my support to the campaign for Henry Ford for President! Henry Ford never looks at pictures nor hears music nor reads poetry; it is in fact even a matter of some doubt whether he is able to read at all. He has said openly that he would not give ten cents for all the art in the world. But he Gets Things Done; he gives us a Laugh; he takes the whole world for a Ride! He sends tractors to the lumber-camps and cuts

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their labor in half; he charters a ship and sets out for Europe to put an end to the Great War; he makes Congress give him Muscle Shoals on a lease of a hundred years. And he can do all these bold and arresting things because he cares nothing about the past, because the restraints and inhibitions which our learning imposes upon us simply do not exist for him. It is only such a man as Ford that America really respects and who will eventually be able to rule it. As I say, "There shall be one great Power-house for the entire land, and ultimately a greater one for the whole world. . . . Let Ford be President. Let him assemble us all into his machine. Let us be *properly* assembled. Let us all function unanimously. Let the wheels turn more swiftly."

Mr. Rosenfeld. I am afraid that your long residence abroad may have given you a false idea of what America is actually like. Your association with the circle of Cocteau, of Léger and the Six—

Mr. Josephson. I hope you do not suppose that my ideas have anything in common with Cocteau's! Cocteau is as specious as Victor Hugo. The people you mention have nothing to do with Dada. We stand far further to the left than they. In fact there is a gulf fixed between us and them across which there is not even a bridge. My affiliations have been all with Tristan Tzara and with Philippe Soupault, and with the movement that they represent.

Mr. Rosenfeld. With Soupault and Tzara then. In any case, my point is this. Your Dadaists, like Cocteau and the Six, have made America a sort of cult. The United States come to seem rather exotic to people who have never been here. I have even had the same illusion myself when I have been living for some time in Europe. The French have heard of our elevators and skyscrapers and they have seen our movies and our advertisements, and, being the most cautious, the most scrupulously balanced and the least extravagant people in the world, they are fascinated by the idea of a country where such extravagances commonly occur. They have used America as a war-cry with which to rally against the staleness and banality into which their classical tradition has fallen, never dreaming how much more banal five-eighths of America is than anything of their own. A European whom I know and who had been much in Paris with the modern painters, composers and writers, came recently to America for the first time and was vastly disappointed. "Is this New York?" he exclaimed when he landed. "Why it is exactly like Europe!" He had expected to see people riding automobiles up the sides of buildings as they do in the moving-pictures, impossible elevated rail-roads running on top of each other in tiers, skyscrapers as high as the Matterhorn and Heaven knows what else. Now I cannot help feeling a little that you share this point of view. When you have got back into American life again, I do not know if you will be able to preserve it—I do not know if you will continue to enjoy "the great funny time that is being had by all." You assume that the people who write advertisements actually believe the things that they say, that they are expressing a genuine enthusiasm. The chances are that the man who writes about oxtail joints has never seen one in his life and would not think of eating it if he did. The chances are that he hates advertising and everything that reminds him of it. Sherwood Anderson was a writer of advertisements for a number of years; but did he revel in it? Did he regard the cracking up of agricultural machinery as the highest form of creative activity? Not in the least: he devoted all his spare time to the composition of those novels and short stories which you regard as contemptible—those stories which tell of the repressed and stunted lives of the people of the factories and the farms, of the gentleness and the fineness which lies quivering below the bulk of the cities and the barrenness of the fields, of the soul of man so long exiled from its heritage that it scarcely dares recognize itself. No: there is only one way for the writer of good faith in America—or for the artist of any kind—and that is against the America of which you speak—against the America which would starve us all and exhaust us and grind us under, so that the machine might "function unanimously" and "the wheels turn more swiftly." These artists like Anderson, whom you describe as "small persecuted colonies," as if they were cowards or defective people unable to ride the whirl-wind and direct the storm, are really perhaps our only heroes because they have dared to oppose themselves to it and to speak one word against vulgarity and routine for the honor of the human spirit.

Mr. Josephson. The honor of the human spirit . . . the principles of justice and humanity . . . Liberty, Fraternity, Equality . . . the dawn of a new day . . . Workers of the world, arise! you have nothing to lose but your chains! . . . E. E. Cummings could make a very amusing poem by mixing them all up together and sticking in the Paris urinal and the venereal affiches. My dear fellow, you take it all too seriously. In Europe no one takes those things seriously. Those old illusions, old campaign cries, old political catch-words and shibboleths are as stale and as lifeless now as old newspapers of the war. If there had been any reality in the oppressions from which the human spirit was said to suffer one supposes that something would have been done about them. As it was, "the principles of justice and humanity" and all the rest of it disappeared when the war had ceased, like ghosts at the break of day. The enthusiasm of the combat had been too much for humanity and it had begun to take its fancies for earnest. Its head has never been very strong. But now it has settled down to give itself up to the working out of economic forces and it finds that that will do very well. They may prove to have a wisdom of their own. It can even enjoy its own absurdity and make a lark of its confusion. And that is where Dada comes in. It was Dada which rediscovered gaiety when humanity had been worrying too long about the honor of the human spirit. The younger and more alert minds of Europe have realized that there is no reason people should not be gay, no reason why they should not be amused. Europe has worked and suffered enough—and for what? It is too funny to make fun of! It is the most colossal farce of all time. For Mussolini, for the starvation of Russia, for another war between England and France. Not that I object to wars, which are among the liveliest acts in the universal vaudeville, nor that I disapprove of Mussolini, whom I admire for his buffoonery and his vigor. But they are certainly not what anybody wanted nor what anybody had the faintest idea he was fighting for. The results of the war are nonsense, superb nonsense! from any point of view. Think of Wilson taking on the prestige of Lincoln, Cromwell and Christ combined, assembling thousands of words on World Peace day after day, night after night, marshalling them together, sending them forth, army upon army of words, besieging an imaginary city with celestial storm-clouds of words, then finally

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choking, collapsing deflated in the great content uncomprehending West and having the gross of green spectacles which he had brought back from Versailles casually thrown out behind the house by men who had not paid attention to a word he said! What is the next turn? Landru? D'Annunzio? the Harding administration? Léon Daudet turning the suicide of his son into a gigantic piece of publicity? the Dial award? the Oil Scandal? Morris Gest's production of The Miracle? Dada makes the most of them all and turns them all upside down. For Dada is the spirit of play, of the delightful idiocy of things. It shows the lack of connection between everything with a dazzling quickness of mind. And so it is the comedian like Joe Cook or Ed Wynn, the humorist, like Ring Lardner or Robert Benchley, who among Americans comes nearest to Dada and is truest to the spirit of the time. A lady comes forward to sing an aria from some popular and saccharine opera but before she has got more than a few bars an elegant screen is lowered in front of her and Joe Cook appears before the screen to do a burlesque juggling act; then the screen is raised again and the lady finishes her aria. For after all, what is life as we know it but a series of delicious inconsequences? So why not frankly come out for the public leaders of the greatest potential absurdity? they will provide the greatest amount of fun. That is why we say, "Vote for Henry Ford! the Master Dadaist of the age!"

Mr. Rosenfeld. Yes, I see: that is the real difference between us, I suppose. For me it is a serious matter but for you it is only a game. I read your manifestos printed upside down, your assertions that "Oui=Non" and your plays in which the different acts have nothing to do with each other, and I see the point of their pointlessness; but I cannot quite laugh at the joke. You keep talking about this or that lacking reality or not representing anything real, but for me the artistic life of Europe, the life of feeling which it makes articulate, is the only reality. When I hear of young musicians killed in the war or starving to death in Russia, of distinguished conductors and violinists insulted and great operas banned from the stage, when I see the desolation of a people who through devotion to Mr. Ford's ideals live without music altogether, relegating it to dreary concert halls, a sort of attic of the theater—I am saddened by these things. Perhaps I do err through over-seriousness; I dare say you may be right about that. It is true that I have expressed a perhaps extravagant indignation over the later works of Richard Strauss because I felt that by the surrender to a cheap success he had betrayed the great tradition of German music and that I have never been able to stop worrying about Gustav Mahler's failure as an artist. Sometimes, too, my conscience pricks me for my treatment of poor old Saint-Saëns, whom I accused of selling his soul, when after all perhaps he had none to sell. No doubt one of your men would have done all this much better: you would have been able to snuff out Strauss or Saint-Saëns with a single bizarre sneer. But, so far as my feeling goes, the thing that these men were trying, however feebly or imperfectly, to identify themselves with is the only thing which can give one any faith beyond the nonsense of events. I would save, not the warring states, not the bankers and the politicians, not even the wretched lives of the people if they had never made anything beautiful, but the fatherland of Bach and Goethe, of Shakespeare and Wagner and Moussorgsky, of the imagination of Europe. It is to citizenship there that I have been bred and I can understand no other allegiance.

Mr. Josephson. That fatherland has been defeated. America is its defeat.

Mr. Rosenfeld. It is a defeat I am ready to share.

Mr. Josephson. Extraordinary bravado of the romantic spirit, which goes on striking noble poses even after it has been abolished. Heroic gestures of the sort—however touching or lively—can never again seem anything but ridiculous. It is all very well for you to say that I don't know America yet; but there is one thing I will assert that I feel as the Americans feel it which you seem to have been able to live here all your life without ever being aware of at all. You think you are up to the minute in American music, that you are generously promoting its advance, when you write an article on Ornstein or Sessions. But where are your fanfares for Vincent Lopez and Paul Whiteman? for the rich rhythms of the Negro revues? The whole gorgeous and disturbing carnival of jazz—the most vital musical development of our time—has gone by without a word from you. You have no ears for the popular voices. You speak of vulgarity with loathing. For you life must be thinned and refined and laid away in an elegant score before you can consent to come in contact with it. You talk about the desolation of a people who have relegated music to the concert hall. But I, all new to the States as I am, hear the people dancing to their music everywhere and I respond to its prodigious joy. There is no desolation in that music—only the drunkenness, the vertigo of life—vulgar life, unrestrained, taut-nerved, hurtling out with howling trombones in its great gaudy circus parade into the unknown mechanical future. I have heard the triumph of that music in the streets and I have thrown up my hat for joy! But you have preferred to remain in the house while the parade went by outside. You have preferred the stagnant quietude of the library where Bach and Schoenberg alike are entombed.

Mr. Rosenfeld. On the contrary, I have heard that music; and I admit it has given me much pain. I have sometimes even had gloomy moments when I fancied what you say was true. But make no mistake, my friend: if there is to be a defeat, you will be among the victims. You are a poet, like Elinor Wylie; you are a critic, like me. And you can never march with that procession: they have no places for critics or poets. You can only prostrate yourself before the monster in amazement and awe at his strength. But if you choose to pretend to enjoy it, that is your own affair.

EDMUND WILSON.

Water

Water remembered, treasured up;
Water that has never touched an earthen cup;
Held only in the creased hollow of a hand,
Trickling through, flickering silver, furrowing black sand;
Water tapped at the source
Of cool damp precincts moving without force,
Even and quiet and confident and clean
With all the beauty of some suave machine—
These things, these phrases wrenched themselves softly loose
Like young tulip bulbs or the inside grass spear whose
Rootless white green end is sweet to suck:
So the phrases filtered through, light struck,
Pulled loose from the intricate loam of thought and spaced
Themselves because you laughed, and got unlaced
Because you laughed at something that I said . . .
Your laughter was like water—not drink only, but drink
and dark-grained deep-breathing bread.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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In the past two or three years a vast amount of new information has been published about the causes of the war. I wonder whether your reviewer has in any sense mastered this material. To some extent he knows it, and he easily quotes from it pertinent things to substantiate some contention or in seeming to overwhelm an opponent. But neither his substance nor his manner convinces me that he has had time to go over it sufficiently to understand the addition in proper relation to the whole mass. If he undertook the task of writing a summary or manual himself I think this would be more apparent than it is when he is indulging in such fluent and unmeasured diatribe as he does now against Professor Hazen. His method seems largely one of allusion, general terms, denunciation, affected pity and contempt.

My own opinions about the development of German policy were not derived from the midst of the war. They were never based wholly upon documents and books, but were at first largely formed during residence abroad in several years before 1914. In the midst of the struggle itself I wrote little. My two volumes on modern European history, published in 1921 and 1922, were an honest attempt to tell the truth fairly on the basis of such information as one could then use. Much since revealed was unknown at that time. Some expressions I have already changed, and in future editions doubtless I shall have to make many alterations and additions. I greatly wish to wrong neither Germans nor any others through any of my writings. If competent historical scholars care to point out specific errors in my books I am most willing to consider such criticism and avow mistakes of which I am convinced. It may be that Professor Barnes and some others now know the whole truth where many historians remain still in error. But I venture the prediction that ultimately, despite many modifications of detail, historians will hold that the Great War was begun by Germany, and that while it arose from large general causes, and though all the participants were in some sense to blame, yet Germany was the principal immediate factor that made the war not to be avoided. That is all that I have asserted in my writings, and generally speaking that is what historians maintain.

You note the reviewer's connection with Foreign Affairs. I wonder whether such a thing as you have published could appear in Foreign Affairs. Any new statement in favor of the Germans and discreditable to the Allies, whether from Russian revolutionary sources or German spies, is at once accepted with undiscriminating enthusiasm and pleasure, and given with the impression that it refutes all held before. The doings of the war party in Russia or in France are put vividly forward. The existence of the great German war machine and German military thinking are nearly lost in the background.

In his review of my own book Professor Barnes implied that I wrote as I did to further the sale of my volume, even though I probably knew better. Can it be that he, however generous and honest, is somewhat emotional and rash? He says that in 1917 he wrote an "absurd and misleading" account of the causes of the war. In my opinion he shows signs now of going equally far on the other side. He may, if he proceeds as he presently does, have another recantation to make five years from now.

Ann Arbor, Michigan. RAYMOND TURNER.

A Reply from Professor Barnes

SIR: In my review of Professor Edward Raymond Turner's Europe Since 1870 in the New Republic for January 18, 1922, I pointed out what seemed to me to be the shortcomings of that book, and have since learned nothing which would incline me to soften my judgment in the slightest. Almost without exception, the new evidence which has appeared since 1922 relating to the origin of the World War has served to render more and more preposterous the 1917-18 epics which are continued in the books by such writers as Professors Hazen and Turner. I may, therefore, devote my comment entirely to the issues raised in Professor Turner's letter.

In the first place, let me explain why I seemingly "dragged" Professor Turner's books into a review of Professor Hazen's work. In my effort to check up closely on the views of the causes of the war which I had drawn from my reading I talked with or wrote to at least a dozen of the eminent historians of the country telling them of my proposed review. Each and every one expressed himself as regretting the fact that Hazen was to bear the whole brunt of the attack when they felt that Turner had been equally blameworthy. While I do not believe that he has been so to any such degree, yet it did seem that it would be justifiable and illuminating to mention his works as an example of our disappointment at the failure of historians to use indispensable source-material when it is readily available.

Professor Turner designates the revision of our ideas concerning the origins of the war as hysterical historiography, but we may retort, that if the work of Gooch, Fay, Schmitt, Pribram, Coolidge, Hayes, Beard, Valentin, Monteglas and others of their type is "hysteria," then, like General Grant's whiskey, it is something which we should have in much greater abundance. Further, it is not true that the "revisionists" do not blame one nation more than another. There is practical unanimity that the immediate responsibility rests primarily upon Hötzendorf and the war party in Austria, and Grand Duke Nicholas, Sukhomlinov and the military group in Russia. There is also rather general agreement that England and Germany were the two countries really desirous of avoiding war in 1914. I am personally inclined to follow the late Baron Korff in holding Poincaré more culpable than any other single individual, but I did not press this debatable point at all in the review of Hazen because it is not generally accepted. How a historian could read the sources and then come to Professor Turner's conclusion that "the Great War was begun by Germany . . . and Germany was the principal immediate factor that made the war not to be avoided," I cannot in the slightest understand as a student of history, though I do get some little light from an incidental knowledge of clinical psychiatry. I most certainly did not lose sight of "the great German war machine and military thinking;" rather I took special pains to point out that we must not forget these facts in our exuberance over the recently published materials. And Professor Turner misses entirely the point of my "fluent and unmeasured diatribe against Professor Hazen." I did not denounce him because he, after carefully reading and digesting the documents and monographs published since 1919, came to a conclusion different from myself. The one major, significant and damaging demonstration in my review was that the acount of the origins of the war in Professor Hazen's 1923 work was actually written in 1916, when he could not possibly have had access to a single definitive work dealing with the outbreak of the great conflict, and that his listing of the more recent material in the bibliography of this chapter was but the most flagrant subterfuge and outrageous stratagem.

Professor Turner raises the point of our relative competence as historians in general and in regard to the origins of the war in particular. While I do not feel distressed or humiliated at his raising of the former issue, it is not at all relevant in the present situation. Nor is the second, to any significant degree. It may frankly be admitted that the history of modern diplomacy is not my main professional interest, but the accidents of my career in the last four years have forced me to acquire some acquaintance with this literature. In 1920-21 I attended Professor Blakeslee's graduate seminar, where we discussed in detail most of the literature published on the origins of the war in all modern languages. From 1921 onward, as one of the editors of the Journal of International Relations and bibliographic editor of Foreign Affairs, I have been required to keep abreast of the new publications. It need not be pointed out that I have also gained greatly from the courteous bibliographic assistance and advice of much abler and better informed historians. But even assuming for the moment that I am as innocent of the sources as Professor Hazen, this has no pertinence in the present premises. Before the review was set in type it was read by three of the five best informed historians in the United States on the subject of the origins of the war, and all of their suggestions as to revision in matters of fact heeded. Whatever my own feeble competence, these men are separated from Professor Turner by an abysmal and apparently unbridgeable gulf in their knowledge of contemporary European diplomacy. It was also my privilege early in the winter to discuss at length the problem of war guilt with the man who is probably the best informed of living historians with respect to the progress of scholarship in that field.

Professor Turner refers to the great difficulty and the vast amount of labor necessary to arrive at a clear elementary presentation of the major facts concerning the origins of the war. The task of digesting all the documents and monographs is enormous, and we may praise without measure the energy of men like Gooch, Fay, Beard, Valentin and Monteglas who have done this, but unless we are willing to question their scholarship and honesty and are hence unwilling to accept their analysis of

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the sources, it is a comparatively easy task to discover and state the obvious and significant facts as to the major problems and outlines of the subject. Forty-eight hours of intensive work should fit anyone to write better sections on this subject than appear in the works of either Hazen or Turner, provided the investigator started with a competent grasp of historical criticism, and honesty and sincerity of purpose. Professor Turner asserts that his Europe Since 1870 was an "honest attempt to tell the truth fairly on the basis of such information as one could then use," but I am dubious regarding the propriety of his adjectives and adverbs when I find on page 448 the statement that all of the significant documents and monographs have been digested by Professor Fay in the "best and most recent account" (of the origins of the War), and then discover that his own chapter on The Causes of the Great War presents a picture of the situation almost diametrically opposed to Fay on all major points. Professor Turner further assails me for suggesting that his account was due to the exigencies of the textbook market rather than to lack of real understanding on his part. To me this seemed by far the most generous possible interpretation. The thing which I most hesitate to impugn in a fellow historian is his intelligence; and I am not unfamiliar with the heart-rending and soul-scaring experiences of the textbook writer. But if Professor Turner prefers the other alternative it shall be his to claim.

Professor Turner quite correctly points out my tenuous connection with Foreign Affairs. I have never attempted to make any capital out of this, and pressure of other duties will probably make it necessary for me soon to retire entirely from any connection with it, but it so happens that my particular duty since its appearance involves a greater necessity of keeping abreast of the current literature in modern international relations than would be required of a managing editor. As to whether such a review as mine would be allowed to appear in it is a question which Professor Coolidge would have to answer. I am glad to say, however, that he has never shown any unwillingness to have a book listed which disrupted the current illusions, and some of those most destructive to the Turnerian-Hazenian epic have been included by me at his suggestion. And my language was certainly not more vigorous than that employed by Ernest Boyd in the December issue in flaying an historian fully as respectable as Professor Hazen, namely, Professor W. Alison Phillips. I may well need to revise my views five years hence, and shall be happy to do so, but all evidence now available would indicate that if I am compelled to do this the necessity will probably be to declare my 1924 revision of the 1917-18 mythology quite incomplete and inadequate in the light of the materials of 1930.

But the issues involved are quite beyond any frail and transient personalities in the case. I have for Professors Turner and Hazen and their publishers but the kindest of personal sentiments. The question is one of the responsibility of the historian and the purpose of history. Shall we require historians to make a decent and respectable effort to tell the truth, so that we may rely upon them for indispensable material in the guidance of intelligent public thinking, or shall we have to admit that history is, in varying degree, but disguised personal, partisan, religious or national prejudice and bias, and come to the conclusion that it is worse than "bunk"? If history is to be "mere literature," then we should dispense with professional historians and call in the novelists. I have exposed myself to the probability of all kinds of direct and indirect persecution for the next decade in order to throw this question open in relation to the most important practical issue now before historians, and I invite such men as Professors Coolidge, Shotwell, Fay, Schmitt, Hayes, Beard, Schevill, Kerner, Blakeslee, Earle, Fuller, Langer, Rogers and Lybyer to come forward and either drive me into deserved oblivion by proving that I have misrepresented and misstated the revisionist position with respect to the origins of the war, or accept the challenge of Professors Turner and Hazen and bring them to judgment before the bar of professional historical opinion. There will never be a clearer issue or a more fruitful opportunity than the present. I speak less in the interest of a personality than in the name of a cause.

Northampton, Massachusetts. HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Dr. Dickinson Miller's Article

SIR: In the issue of March 5 Professor Dickinson S. Miller raises many questions regarding Conscience and the Bishops. He makes one statement, however, which challenges the facts when he says: "We can no longer courteously cloak the fact that no thoroughly educated man believes in the literal Virgin birth." Perceiving himself that such an observation needs qualification he adds: "By education I do not mean learning, but the possession of a competent common-sense training in judging of ordinary matters of evidence." Unless he intends by such a definition to beg the whole question, he can be answered by the fact that there are Catholics on many college faculties, and that some of them are scientists of repute. Dr. J. J. Walsh has recently collected some statistics regarding Catholic contributions to science. But, in any case, what Professor Miller has said falls in the category of what simply is not so. By glancing at the list of contributors to the new periodical of the Calvert Association one may find many names of people who have certainly shown the fruits of education. On February 22 in New Haven, at an Anglo-Catholic Eucharistic Conference, a conspicuous part was taken by Professor C. R. Post (of Harvard), Professor R. K. Root (of Princeton), Professor C. S. Baldwin (of Columbia), and Professor C. B. Tinker (of Yale). These men cannot be regarded as obscure, nor as unequipped with a thorough education. After all, in this day and age, one must look facts squarely in the face.

It is hardly necessary to add that a practising Catholic believes in the "literal Virgin birth." HOWARD R. PATCH.

Smith College,
Northampton, Massachusetts.

[Mr. Patch takes issue as to fact with the article, which said that many practising Catholics, "including some identified with the extreme and strictest school" do not take certain clauses of the creed literally; the Virgin birth being amongst these clauses. The reluctant remark about education was forced from me by the Bishops' chosen language. The remark did not question the gifts or acquirements of literal believers, save one essential acquirement. If Mr. Patch can show us persons believing in the literal Virgin birth who possess—not merely learning, or academic position, or conversance with special science, but—a competent common sense training in judging of ordinary matters of evidence, exhibiting this training convincingly in the other subjects with which their minds deal, he will have disproved my statement. In writing the words I felt with some confidence how many readers there would be who on the strength of their own observation would nod a decided assent.—D. S. MILLER.]

Russian Art and the Soviet Government

SIR: There have appeared in the daily press of New York from time to time various items stating that the Russian Art Exhibition at the Grand Central Palace "is being directed by the artist and is not connected with the Government," meaning of course the Soviet government of Russia. In one instance, the statement was made that the artists "spent more than two years obtaining the necessary Government sanctions" to bring their work to the United States.

The implication in all of this is one of official hostility to art in Soviet Russia which, whatever else one may think of the Soviet government, is very wide of the truth.

The facts in regard to the present Art Exhibition are these:

In 1922 I suggested to the All-Russian Central Famine Relief Committee the sending to the United States of various artistic, dramatic and musical attractions, of which such an exhibition as this was one, as a means of obtaining funds for relief. The matter was promptly taken up with the Russian Commissariat for Education and the idea received with enthusiasm. A committee rejoicing in the name of Osobuy Komitet Zagranichne Artistischesche Royezdok y Kudojhestvenich Vuistavok was formed under the general guidance of Olga Kameneva, Trotzky's sister, with A. I. Bukhariov as secretary.

It was Bukhariov, representing the Soviet Commissariat for Education, who with infinite patience and tact got together this cross-section of the art of Russia since 1914, during the period that Russia has been cut off from the rest of the world—a very remarkable performance indeed. And it was the Russian Commissariat for Education which made the Exhibition possible.

It is a sad commentary on the viewpoint of our own State Department that when the Exhibition consisting of over a thousand works of art by more than a hundred of Russia's leading artists was ready to leave for the United States, a visa was refused to Mr. Bukhariov on the ground that he is an official of the Russian government. Yet at the same time, when last

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ember Victor P. Nogin, a power in the Russian Communist ty, Commissar for the Interior for the first Bolshevist cabinet, a tried and true revolutionist of long standing, wished to it the United States to purchase textile machinery for the use the All-Russian Textile Syndicate, there were no difficulties raised as to *his* passport, and the Mayor of Galveston wrote him:

The City of Galveston would feel highly honored if your commission would pay our port a visit while in Texas. It would be a great pleasure to have the opportunity of extending you the courtesies of our city.

New York City. PAXTON HIBBEN.

"The Treasury and Interest Rates"

SIR: Professor David Friday's article in your issue of March 19, if it may be accepted as sound, points the way to a large reduction in the expenses of the federal government. He, however, only indicates the first step, and fails to show the total saving to the government which may be effected by entering into a policy of forced inflation with the concomitant higher price level.

After giving various statistics in regard to the assets of the Federal Reserve banks, Professor Friday says: "It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the Federal Reserve banks could absorb without any difficulty $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 of the Treasury obligations which must be issued on March 15." These certificates are to be taken by the Federal Reserve banks at par, although they only bear 3½ percent interest while the rate set by supply and demand in the open market for such investments is approximately 4¼ percent. The government, therefore, by selling to Federal Reserve banks rather than in the market will save ¾ of 1 percent on, say, $300,000,000. This saving will amount to $18,750 for each month the securities are outstanding. But this is only a small part of the saving!

The Federal Reserve Act, as amended March 3, 1919, stipulates that, after all operating expenses, plus 6 percent dividend on the capital stock, are paid or provided for, and after a surplus fund equal to the capital stock is built up, then all profits remaining shall be divided, 10 percent to the bank and 90 percent to the government as a franchise tax. The system now has more than the necessary 100 percent surplus, and granting that as now operated the banks are paying expenses (including dividends), any increase in their earnings will result in a refund to the government.

Purchase of government securities by a Federal Reserve bank involves book entries only. That is, they are paid for by crediting the government deposit account by the amount of the purchase. The expense may be considered as practically nil. In consequence, approximately 90 percent of the income derived by the Federal Reserve banks from the government as interest will be returned to the government as a franchise tax. On $300,000,000 the income at 3½ percent would be $10,500,000 a year. Ninety percent of this, or $9,450,000, will be returned to the government, and thus will reduce the net annual interest charge on $300,000,000 to the paltry sum of $1,050,000 or less than 4/10 of 1 percent!

If this plan is what we want, why not eliminate the payments each way and issue 4/10 of 1 percent certificates for purchase by the Federal Reserve banks? An even more simple way would be for the banks to make a non-interest bearing loan to the government by merely writing up a book credit on their books. Either of these plans would have the additional advantage of clearly showing the inflationary character of the operation.

Rochester, New York. RALPH WEST ROBY.

Contributors

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AGNES DE LIMA is a writer on educational subjects.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH BIBESCO, author of The Eighth Paradise and the Fir and the Palm, is the wife of the Rumanian ambassador.

EDMUND WILSON was formerly on the editorial staff of Vanity Fair and later of the New Republic.

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The New
REPUBLIC
Spring Literary Section

CONTENTS

Lord Morley and the Practice of Compromise .....A. L. Sachar 1
Staking Out the Narrow Way of Mysticism .....A. W. Vernon 4
Japanese Poetry .....Glenn Hughes 5
Mahatma Gandhi .....Edward A. Ross 6
Buddenbrooks ....Robert Morss Lovett 7
R. L. S. .....A. Donald Douglas 8
Body and Mind in Human Conduct.... .....B. H. Bode 10
The Cambridge History of Foreign Policy.....W. P. M. Kennedy 12
The Principles of Sociology..... .....Harry Elmer Barnes 14
Spring Announcements 16

Lord Morley and the Practice of Compromise

Collected Works of Lord Morley. Politics and History; Critical Miscellanies; Biographical Studies; Oliver Cromwell; Burke; Voltaire; Rousseau and His Era, 2 vols.; Diderot and the Encyclopaedists, 2 vols.; Oracles on Man and Government; On Compromise. Twelve volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50 per volume.

THERE is a dictum, grown threadbare in the service of historians, that compromise was the chief characteristic of English political method in the Victorian era. The successful statesman had no passion for symmetry; he was rarely obsessed by "the principle of the matter;" he was not inclined to go ferreting to the roots of a settlement to test and balance its consistency. For his chief concern was not truth but stability; far better an illogical compromise which brought a comfortable peace than a logical peace which followed an uncomfortable war. Nor was such a political spirit regarded with opprobrium by the majority of Englishmen who shrank from the tumults of strife. It was regarded rather as an indication of practicality and common sense. And when it was repeated that English political method is empirical the statement was treasured along with such other dubious tributes to the national genius as that of Seeley that the Empire was acquired in a fit of absence of mind.

But there was always a type of mind which detested such an intellectual attitude, especially when it degenerated into a mental laziness which passed for toleration and political wisdom. Cardinal Newman's was such a mind, and it never ceased to attack the peace-loving individual who "sought to hold the balance between opposites so skilfully as to do without fulcrum or beam, who never enunciated a truth without guarding himself against being supposed to exclude the contradictory." And such a mind was John Morley's. It may seem paradoxical to place the aggressive free thinker in the same category with the essentially ecclesiastical minded Newman to whom liberalism was anti-Christ. Poles asunder indeed, yet both men had more in common intellectually than in dissidence. Morley too always went back to first principles; Morley too hated what he denounced as the improbity of his age, a time of loud disputes and weak convictions. The twelve volumes just published, comprising the definitive edition of his works, tell on every glittering page of his stern contempt for all manner of intellectual apprehension. His attack on the "man of the world," in the volume on Voltaire, is one of his best philippics. "Who does not know this temper of the man of the world, the worst enemy of the world? His inexhaustible patience of abuses that only torment others, his apologetic word for beliefs that may perhaps not be so precisely true as one might wish, and institutions that are not altogether so useful as some might think possible; his cordiality towards progress and improvement in a general way, and his coldness or antipathy to each progressive proposal in particular; his pygmy hope that life will one day become somewhat better, punily shivering by the side of his gigantic conviction that it might well be infinitely worse."

These logical warriors invariably create trouble for the conservative, and Morley soon aroused considerable op-

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position by his austere intellectual pugnacity. He had thought out his religious position logically and, becoming an agnostic, proceeded to shock pious folk by his aggressive habit of spelling god with a small g and Gladstone with a capital. In politics he reached the conclusion that complete suffrage was essential in a free state while England was still perturbed about the Tory Leap in the Dark. He was among the first to advocate radical land legislation and complete Home Rule for Ireland in the bitter days when tenant right was still landlord wrong and dispossession was nine points of the law. He not only held his radical opinions consistently, but he tormented others by propagating them with the fierce zeal of the man with a mission. He became the skeleton in the Victorian closet. Lord Randolph Churchill once said of him, "Ah, but then Balfour and you are men who believe in the solution of political problems,"—a remark as true of Morley as it was untrue of Balfour. And Morley expounded his views with an ability which gave him an enviable reputation in literature. Many who admired his literary talent deplored that he had deserted a field which he might have so well adorned and which must have yielded him a spotless fame.

The importance of John Morley, however, was not that he had radical opinions about democracy and about Ireland. Nor was his career particularly spectacular. He received the usual education at Oxford, trying his hand at a prize poem on Cassandra which, though not winning the prize, received the master's consolation that the verse showed many of the elements of a sound prose style. After Oxford he read for the bar and was called, but turned for fame and fortune to journalism rather than to law. He edited several magazines and the Pall Mall newspaper, but his editorial brilliance on the Fortnightly Review made his literary reputation. He wrote a series of philosophical biographies of French statesmen of the Revolution and of various English notables—Cromwell, Walpole, Cobden. He edited the English Men of Letters series, himself contributing an excellent volume on Burke. In Gladstone's Home Rule Cabinets he became Irish secretary and when the Liberal crash came he retired to write the life of his chief. He emerged later to take charge of the India office and ended his political career by resigning from the government when the Great War was declared. A distinguished career—a career of service in literature and politics—but certainly not unique or remarkable. Before the news of his death was broadcasted in the world grown so different from his own, he was living in retirement, already largely forgotten except by those actively interested in later nineteenth century history and literature.

It was not so much what Morley believed or did as what he represented that gave him his great importance in later Victorian life. Most persons were not quite sure about what he believed, yet they took him as the head and front of their criticism. In certain quarters when men thought of a broken House of Lords, a disendowed Church, a dethroned royal family, a mobocracy, an empire in ruins, they thought of the free thinking, radical Little Englander who edited the Fortnightly. He was described by one polysyllabic essayist of the eighties as a writer who "pretercalmly, sub-silently, super-persuasively, but subtly and potently is exercising influence on the most advanced and most earnest thought of the present generation; who by a refined, destructive criticism is dissolving the faith of thousands and is not contributing an iota to the reconstruction of a systematic body of thought which can help the educator in floating the tiniest skiff on the troubled waters of life." Society ladies who wished to appear daring allowed the Review to lie on their drawing room tables.

Morley aroused so much and such varied interest because he supplied the creed, the rationale of Victorian progressive radicalism. He formulated the philosophy of the radical point of view in politics, in religion, in every sphere of social life. He marshalled a remarkable host of writers to help him—Mill, Spencer, Meredith, Cairns, Huxley, Bagehot—all united by a common desire to analyze problems which had suffered by the repetition of platitudes and conventional language. Over the distinguished band Morley wielded the conductor's baton. Professor Bury in his Idea of Progress compares Morley's penetrating criticism of traditional beliefs during the fifteen years that he edited the Fortnightly with the influence on the thought of the eighteenth century of Diderot and the Encyclopaedists.

The key to Morley's intellectual attitude is his early essay on Compromise, a vigorous plea for the right of private judgment. On the title page he placed Whately's statement that it makes all the difference in the world whether we put truth in the first place or in the second place. Morley maintained that there could be but three sincere intellectual positions—one could affirm, or deny, or disclaim an opinion. But in analyzing the spirit of his age he found no such clearness of thought, and worse still, no desire to attain it. Everywhere he turned he found an illegitimate union of the three which, he declared, frittered away character. "Men speak as if they affirm, they act as if they deny, and in their hearts they cherish a slovenly sort of suspicion that we can neither deny or affirm. The deadliest consequence is the disloyalty which such an attitude engenders in one's own intelligence. . . . The intellect loses its color and potency and finer fragrance in an atmosphere of mean purpose and low conception of the sacredness of fact and reality."

The youthful essayist gives a flagrant example of this tendency to transform truth into a subordinate department of daily politics. The Times, then the most important newspaper of the country, criticized Darwin's scientific speculations as to the descent of man from the point of view of property, intelligence, and a stake in the country and severely censured him for revealing his conclusions to the general public at a moment when Paris was in the throes of a communistic revolution. Morley sees nothing but evil in thus putting immediate social convenience in the first place and respect for truth in the second. "The consequences are seen in a distinct and unmistakable lowering of the level of national life; a slack and lethargic quality about public opinion; a growing predominance of material, temporary, and selfish aims, over those which are generous, far-reaching and spiritual; a deadly weakening of intellectual conclusiveness and clear shining moral illumination, and, lastly, of a certain stoutness of self-respect for which England was once especially famous."

Morley does not fail to consider the social and political importance of the attitude which craves stability more than truth. There may be utility in error, he argues. A false opinion is frequently found to have clustering round it a multitude of excellent associations, which do far more good than the false opinion that supports them does harm. Or again, the more enlightened classes in a community may not believe in certain doctrines themselves, but they must possess their light in silence for the sake of those who are not so enlightened. They may not believe in a Being who will distribute rewards and penalties in a future state but it is necessary to keep the doctrine as a useful check on the

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conduct of those who might be dangerous if they were cured of such beliefs. For most men are not amenable to reason. "The plain fact is that for the mass of men use and wont, crude or gracious symbols, blind custom, prejudice, superstitions, however erroneous in themselves, however inadequate to the conveyance of the best truth, are the only safe guardians of the common virtues." This reasoning betokens a milder sort of insincerity but Morley would have no truce with it. It worked more harm than good, he maintained, for it fostered erroneous ways of thinking on all subjects; it made the intelligence less and less ready to receive truth; it created the spirit which made possible persecution and intolerance. "All error is what physiologists term fissiparous, and in exterminating one false opinion you may be hindering the growth of an uncounted brood of false opinions."

With such conceptions forming the basis of his thought we can understand the zeal and enthusiasm with which Morley approached the biographies of the French Revolutionary intellectuals. His work did a great deal to reinstate them in English respect. England had never fully understood Voltaire; it received its impression of Rousseau from Carlyle's description of him as a slanderous sceptic who, after soaking other people's waistcoats with his tears, sent his own babies to the foundling hospital. Indeed to Carlyle the whole revolution was merely a universal destructive movement against shams. Morley believed that this told only half the story, that it was an eminently constructive movement as well. He deplored the excesses of the Revolution; he recognized the limitations of his subjects—Rousseau's overconfident belief in human perfectibility, his sentimental dreaming—Voltaire's lack of constructive statesmanship. But when all the dross was accounted for the Revolution remained a great spiritual upheaval and its great characters remained giants. They all looked straight at their problems. They broke down the despotism of the conventional. They hated tyranny, particularly ecclesiastical tyranny. Above all, they had faith in Progress, a faith which Condorçet confidently believed would give the last blow to the tottering edifice of prejudices.

The idea of Progress linked them all up with Morley who placed it at the head of his system. It appears, indeed, that the chief reason for his antagonism to Christianity was his belief that the Christian doctrine of the Fall of Man was fatal to any efficacious idea of Progress. Morley believed with Rousseau and the Encyclopaedists—though not with their simple faith—that man is essentially good, that environment alone is the cause of the evils of the world. He worked for constitutional freedom, for social reform, for education, because he believed that the purification of environment removed the basic causes of evil. He spent much time and labor in answering the cynicism of those who tried to show that the efforts of all philanthropists have merely sufficed to turn the stream of human vice from one channel into another.

The French Revolutionary leaders were congenial subjects for Morley, as were Cobden, Gladstone, and others of his own countrymen whose principles he loved and followed. But he did not blind himself to the merits of other sincere points of view. He had much more sympathy for the conservative philosophy of Burke than for what he regarded as the half hearted liberalism of Lecky whose political views he flayed mercilessly. He admired Burke's honesty of mind, his sacrifice of the friendships of a lifetime rather than the espousal of a wrong and pernicious cause. Even Joseph de Maistre, the leader of the neo-Catholic and anti-revolutionary movement and the implacable champion of reactionary principles, received admirable treatment from Morley's sympathetic pen. De Maistre gave his mind full play and, reasoning honestly according to his lights, won the respect, if not the agreement, of his critic.

Enough has been said to demonstrate how thoroughly and consistently Morley applied his early opinions on Compromise to his life and labor. Everywhere we have the same austere admonition to fight hard for opinions, to fear no odds in the battle, to yield only when all hope of success is impossible. Some may here point out the fundamental inadequacy of the great Victorian's system. To be guided by honest principles, to avoid expediency, are good doctrines for the regulation of conduct, but the chief perplexity is generally to find where principle ends and expediency begins, and here we are left without guidance. If each individual is to judge for himself, the whole question becomes relative and no one may judge the actions, much less the motives, of others.

But after all, the searching self-examination is probably all that Morley would require; every action honestly weighed, every action carried back to principles that are creditable. These need not be contained in every election address or constantly reiterated in every speech; they need only be present in the minds of those who speak the party language and there can be no such political occurrence as resulted in "dishing the Whigs." This is the core of Morley's message, and it is useful not only to his own generation. Of his Compromise then may be said what Morley himself wrote of Mill's Liberty, "The little volume belongs to the rare books that after hostile criticism has done its best are still found to have somehow added a cubit to man's stature."

Perhaps such a mind should have stayed in literature. In a melancholy moment Morley himself said that when men diverge into new walks in life, and when thus the habit of their lives has been sundered, the most immaculate are capable of antics beyond prevision. But to remain in literature was impossible for Morley. He would have been unfaithful to his own life's teachings if he had not gone out resolutely to fight where he believed he could do the most good. This explains what has often appeared a paradox to some, that the man who spent a lifetime fighting the House of Lords, and protesting against the rule over other peoples, should end his political career with a coronet on his head, ruling two great alien races. Morley's justification was simple. He was too old to carry on his work in the Commons and therefore went to the Lords even though the constitution of the assembly did not appeal to him. The Empire was a reality and he was compelled to accept it as a condition for doing as much good as he could for the subject races in it. He was not concerned with the opinions of men. Life was too short and too valuable to swerve from duty on account of public opinion. "How pitiful a thing," he says in his Compromise, "seems the approval or disapproval of these creatures of the convention of the hour, as one figures the merciless vastness of the universe of matter sweeping us headlong through viewless space; as one counts the little tale of the years that separate us from eternal silence. In the light of these things a man should surely dare to live his life with little heed of the common speech upon him or his life, only caring that his days may be full of reality and his conversation of truth speaking and wholeness."

A. L. Sachar.

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Staking Out the Narrow Way of Mysticism

The Mysticism of St. Francis of Assisi, by D. H. S. Nicholson, with reproductions of etchings by Laurenzio Laurenzi. Boston: Small Maynard and Company. $3.50.

Western Mysticism: Neglected Chapters in the History of Religion, by Dom Cuthbert Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

Lamps of Western Mysticism: Essays on the Life of the Soul in God, by Arthur Edward Waite. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.00.

MATTHEW ARNOLD once said, as Mr. Waite reminds us, "There are two obvious things about the Christian religion; one, that men cannot do without it; the other, that they cannot do with it, as it is." These three books are witnesses to the consequently growing interest in mysticism, manifest the world around. They are so many voices lifted "for the one claim which remains to be tested after all other modes have been found wanting and those who had the highest stakes in them have confessed to their failure." They bid us desert the reason, which analyzes the water, for the creative longing and will, which dig it.

Mr. Nicholson's is, however, a strictly historical inquiry. In the atmosphere created by books of more immediate appeal, he places the figure of St. Francis on a tailor's platform to measure him. From a wide knowledge of the mystics he constructs a series of orthodox measurements and then approaches Francis to see how far the saint fits them. Has he the requisite self-annihilation, obedience, detachment from material and intellectual possessions? Does he place love before him as a supreme end, love without a thought of reward? At the most important soul measurement, St. Francis refuses to fit. Everyone save the tailor can see that the clothes hang badly. The cloth is good, the seams are carefully done, but St. Francis can't get his clothes ready-made, even at as skilful a tailoring establishment as Mr. Nicholson's.

Dom Butler's book is a primer in mysticism. He writes to induce his fellow men to believe in the holiest of human experiences, which he reveres but does not share. "To prevent misconception I say quite simply that I have never had any such experience myself, never anything that could be called an experimental perception of God or His presence. But I do accept the witness of the great mystics." So good Sir Bors brings us to the feet of Augustine, Gregory and Bernard, bids them relate their ineffable experiences to us and then console us by declaring that great as are the joys they cannot share with us, they are no higher than the joys of service, common to us all. It is not the active life, not the contemplative life, but the mixed life that is crowned by all three of them. The philosopher must return to the cave. "The kisses of contemplation" are good, but "the breasts of preaching are better." Indeed the mystical experience which it evidences, the reality of God and His beauty, "is hardly more than this, that what is accepted by Christian belief as realities of faith becomes consciously realized in the mystic vision."

But not in language like this is the third book written. "Hardly more" drops away. We are reading the intimate beliefs of a transcendent soul. It is difficult to write about them even for the New Republic. No one can be quite the same man after reading them. They are written in a sequestered style and they tend—to borrow one of Mr. Nicholson's exquisite phrases—to make us find, as did St. Francis, that "the world is our cloister." Mr. Waite is tolerant of all the paths to the great "term" of the return of the soul to God—or of all but Protestantism. "In so far as the thing called Protestantism is not too dead to count it is condemned hereby with all its surviving ragfair of divisional sect and school." Mysticism is "an exact science" but a wide one. Only one doctrine is necessary to it,—"that God is and that He recompenses those that seek him out,"—only one purpose,—"the will to love" or "the will to union." But to induce that will the world is full of divine symbols. Nature presents one, the secret mysteries produce another, marriage is a rare and precious one, the Catholic church with its noble symbolism of Trinity and Eucharist the most adequate of all. Mr. Nicholson, with what I suspect as Protestant daring, completes the sacred catalogue of symbols by adding Christ to the list. Mr. Waite indeed is at much pains to show how the greatest of the mystics came reverently through the door of the church. They were, however, caught away from it into the ineffable heaven of the inmost soul. Not Augustine or Francis or Gregory or Bernard, "whose lamp is jewelled with starry light," are those who for him set the highest beacons on the great highway of the saints, but rather those who shone in the inner world alone—Dionysius, Eckehart and Ruysbroeck. But along with them and others he hangs out his own lamp, somewhat self-consciously but firmly and fills it so plentifully with oil that even a dull soul may walk toward its light, if not by it. The supreme sentence in the book, stripped of its upland position on the ascent of the soul, will, I fear, fail of its splendor: it is indeed a tribute to the power of the book that a reviewer who was moulded by Ritschl has been made aware of its glory. But here let it follow to lighten the hearts for which it was lit. "The last counsel of the path of contemplation, addressed to the proficient and not the beginner, is to empty ourselves of all things. When the personal self has passed: when thought is dead: when the sacred darkness has supervened upon our whole nature in the stillness of all normal faculties: when expectation itself is over and at the back of the suspended mind there rests only the undifferentiated and unexplicated love of the omnipresent God: when he fills that love within us, we are then on the threshold of realization. And that which follows—when indeed it does follow—has never been put into language. We know only that the so-called union of nothing with nothing is the unity of the One who is all. The reflection which remains in the minds after this state has passed can scarcely be called its remembrance: but it is a reflection which in this life abides for ever. We know whence we have come and whither we are going."

These three volumes, appearing so close together, do much to justify Mr. Waite's claim that mysticism is an exact science. Mr. Waite takes much time in differentiating it from occultism and spiritism of all kinds—occultism is "transcendental physics," mysticism is "transcendental metaphysics." Psychical research is useful in resolving doubts about the existence of the soul and may indeed shed light on the intermediate stations of some souls between earthly life and divine union but it has nothing to say about the great mystic experience. That has nought to do with personal immortality nor with reunions with loved ones. It is solely the end of the path which leads to

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reunion with God. And the goal blots out the sacrifices of the path. All three of the books distinguish three phases of this high pilgrimage—purgation or detachment from the world, meditation or seeking, and contemplation or seeing. But beyond all visions, all images, all concepts the mystic presses to his goal. As Dionysius, the oldest and purest of the "Christian" mystics, had it: "If any one sees God and understands what he sees, he has not seen God at all." So beyond visions of the invisible, beyond images of the unimaginable, the mystic presses toward, and finally, by grace of will and grace of the will's inciter, into the sublime mystic experience of union with the Divine. Up to this term, reason decreases and love increases. But there is an experience even beyond union. Mr. Waite, "apostle of the alternate ways," cherishing the freedom that his science still permits, is loath to name or describe further this ineffable beyond. Mr. Nicholson, pointing out "the comparative separation of union," uses the word unity for it, suggesting the erasure or the absorption of the human consciousness by the divine.

It must seem blasphemous to the writers of these books for a sympathetic reader to turn from so ethereal a goal set forth with such high passion. And it may be that it is from our insufficient language rather than from the ineffable experience which it describes that we shrink. But as the goal is set forth, we seem to see Dionysius, Molinos and the unmentioned Buddha, perhaps Mr. Waite and Mr. Nicholson, on the right hand and Plato, Socrates, Jesus, as well as good Dom Butler on the left. And on the left, too, notwithstanding Mr. Nicholson's high treatise, we see St. Francis also. For when he refused to resort to the Scriptures, saying, "I need no more, my son; I know Christ, the poor man crucified" he gave no evidence of reaching that state where "the operation of love becomes imperceptible," being merely "the motion in the rest at the centre."

Mr. Waite has taken many hindrances from the mystic path. He has degraded ascetism from inevitable association with the mystic experience. He has refused to accept the doctrine of eternal punishment, even though it came from Catherine, the Bride of Christ, out of her holy vision, preferring indeed to declare "the Christ who taught St. Catherine was not the great Master." He has refused to prescribe paths for the feet of the elect. He has intimated that the persistent will to love is the sole essential of the mystic experience and so has gained our reverent hearing. But at the end even he appears, though reluctantly, to demand not only that we give over the pride of reason but the awful rapture of love. To one who holds that the goal of human life is the free interplay of wholly dedicated personalities, whose presence exalteth and humbleth one another, under the protection of a loftier and pitying and unknowable Reality, these books—and particularly Mr. Waite's noble volume, shining with rare and tender purity—are only unforgettable witnesses of a light which for us shineth in a darkness which comprehendeth it not. And yet, as we deliberately turn away, we believe in the verity of those great words of St. John of the Cross, quoted significantly enough by Dom Butler alone, "An instant of pure love is more precious in the eyes of God and the soul and more profitable to the Church than all (other) good works together, though it may seem as if nothing were done." Only good Protestants must place one word of the saint in brackets.

A. W. VERNON.

Japanese Poetry

Japanese Poetry: An Historical Essay with Translations, by Curtis Hidden Page. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THE Japanese are masters of miniatures. Nothing delights them more than to express much in little. They create entire landscapes in gardens measured in inches. It is supreme happiness for a Japanese to sit beside a bowl of water which represents a lake, and to see therein tiny crags of rock, dwarfed sea-plants, infinitesimal fish—all in true proportion so that he gains the illusion of the greater world. In a small earthen pot he will keep a strange stunted tree, old and gnarled, perhaps only six inches high, but with all the majesty of a mammoth oak. If he is a painter he will try to capture in three strokes of the brush the sacred dignity of Fuji-yama. If he is a poet he will devote his life to the task of imprisoning in five short lines the greatest wisdom of man. He will, by the genius of his imagination, discover the ultimate meaning of life in the trembling of a cherry-blossom.

Why this race should have developed so extraordinary a love for art in almost microscopic proportions is a question that might easily interest the anthropologist, the psychologist, the economic determinist, or any other person concerned with causes. There are many of us, however, who care more for results than for causes, and when we approach the field of Japanese poetry we accept at once the fact that for at least fourteen centuries a poetry-loving people has contented itself for the most part with tanka, or poems of thirty-one syllables, and that the principal variation from the tanka is the hokku, which contains only seventeen syllables, and which originally formed the first movement of the tanka.

The first thorough historical treatment of the poetry of Japan to appear in English is Professor Page's new book, which besides being thorough, is lucid and sympathetic. The writer follows with contagious curiosity and zeal the long development of an art which in spite of its fragility has never lost its power. Beginning with the first great anthology, compiled early in the eighth century, he illuminates each important poetic epoch with well-informed essays and with translations of typical poems.

As everyone can imagine, to translate these tiny, delicately wrought poems into English verse is a tantalizing problem. For one thing, they do not make use of meter, for the Japanese language is practically without stress; nor do they use rhyme, except by accident or occasional repetition. Their form is based upon strict rules of syllabic quantity. Thus the tanka is composed of five lines containing respectively five, seven, five, seven, seven syllables. The first three lines constitute a unit, as do the last two. These two movements lend themselves to such natural poetic affinities as question and answer, impression and reaction, the particular and the universal. We are familiar with a similar method employed in the Italian sonnet. But in the sonnet, which we consider a highly condensed verse form, there is after all considerable elaboration of idea, whereas in the tanka there is the merest suggestion—a flash of the imagination only, and the wonder is that Japanese poets are so frequently able to accomplish in their thirty-one syllables as much as our sonneteers accomplish in nearly five times that number.

The secret of the Japanese poem is, of course, the secret of all great poetry: namely, suggestion. The minimum of

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statement and the maximum of suggestion is the creed that most poets, or other artists, would come nearest agreeing on, I believe. At any rate it is astonishing to discover what long flights the imagination can take with no more than the clipped wings of the tanka or hokku.

Professor Page, seeking an English verse form comparable in its effect with the standard Japanese form, has resorted often to the rhymed quatrain, but frequently also to three-line and five-line stanzas with various rhyme schemes. He has in this way preserved the brevity of the originals, and at the same time has suggested their formality and symmetry. In many instances he has achieved undeniably charming results; in others it seems he has sacrificed delicacy of expression for the sake of forced rhyme. It is rather a pity to subject an oriental poet to occidental artificialities. This criticism does not hold so well in the case of poems which are witty and sharp, but I believe it is justified in the case of those which are tender and atmospheric. Rhyme drives home the point, and that is sometimes the desired effect, but certainly it is more often undesirable from the standpoint of the Japanese, who love so well the unfinished sketch, the half-realized mood, the suspended thought, the stimulating suggestion.

I presume no one can read far in Japanese poetry without becoming aware of its relation to our own Imagist poetry. It is impossible to trace the exact influence exerted by the tanka and hokku upon the work of Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher and other American and British poets who have put to such good use the fundamental tenets of Japanese poetry, but it is pertinent to note that the majority of them, when they set out to achieve a poetic effect similar to the effect produced in them by Japanese poems, do not compose quatrains and do not use rhyme. Generally they create irregular patterns of lightly cadenced verse. Miss Lowell, for example, imitates a hokku as follows:

EPHEMERA

Silver-green lanterns tossing among windy branches:
So an old man thinks
Of the loves of his youth.

This is not a translation, of course, but it has the flavor of a Japanese poem. Its exoticism is convincing because its content is true to the oriental mind, and because its form is free from occidental convention. If we take, on the other hand, one of Professor Page's translations, we shall receive a quite different impression:

SNOW IN SPRING

Day after day still fall the late Spring Snows
And yet the nightingale doth sing
Upon the plum-tree bough. . . . Somehow she knows
'Tis time for love, and Spring.

There is no question here that the content is oriental, but the exoticism is lacking because of the superimposed occidental meter and rhyme.

While I am discussing this point I should like to add that the closest approach to a typical Japanese poem made by any recent writer in English is to be found among the cinquains of Adelaide Crapsey. I choose the following:

THE WARNING

Just now,
Out of the strange
Still dusk . . . as strange, as still . . .
A white moth flew. Why am I grown
So cold?

Here, if ever expressed in our poetry, is the spirit of the tanka, and to a considerable degree the form. It has the right number of lines; it ignores rhyme, and minimizes stress; it gives to each line a fixed number of syllables. The fact that Miss Crapsey chose to limit her lines to syllabic quantities of two, four, six, eight, two, does not materially lessen the resemblance between her form and the tanka, with its lines of five, seven, five, seven, seven syllables. Her problem was almost identical with that of the Japanese poet, and so is her result.

But we may quarrel over such technical matters until we tire the reader who is not concerned with mechanics, and so prejudice him against Japanese poetrey. That would be a pity. These vivid poetic miniatures, countless as the cherry-blossoms, as fragile and as fragrant, are delicacies not to be scorned by anyone.

GLENN HUGHES.

Mahatma Gandhi

Young India, 1919-1922, by Mahatma Gandhi. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $4.00.

A CENTURY hence, when Gandhi is the Benjamin Franklin or the Thomas Jefferson of a long-free India, what will make this man tower above the years? Not his opposition to railways and doctors and lawyers or his bonfires of foreign cloth; not his setting up of the spinning wheel and insisting on his followers wearing homespun; not his declaring, "It is our duty at the present moment to suspend bringing forth heirs to our slavery;" not his "political non-coöperation" which he expected might bring India Swaraj, or home rule, within the year 1921, and which has since been abandoned in favor of other tactics. No, his title to greatness is not the soundness of his policies but the loftiness of his character. Statesmen there are wiser in economics and government, but in saintliness no national leader or public man living is to be compared to Gandhi. All over the world today Indians are more respected because this shining figure has come forth from their midst. With the long-famed gentleness, humility and asceticism of the Indian holy man, he combines the courage, candor and truthfulness which English of the noblest type exhibit.

Young India was Gandhi's organ and in this book are reprinted hundreds of editorials and contributions which enable us to follow the workings of his mind during the fateful three years, March, 1919, to March, 1922, when he passed behind the prison doors which opened only the other day. In these 1100 pages you can see how he met the difficulties and parried criticism, how he applied to concrete situations his philosophy of non-violence.

As you see him solving riddles and drawing fine distinctions you sense a sinewy and subtle intellect. No wonder that at one time in South Africa he commanded $35,000 a year as barrister. Testifying before the hostile Hunter Committee, he outmatches the strongest wits that come against him. Yet he wins not by skill in fencing, but by sheer depth of insight and power to think straight across beaten thought-paths.

He meets trying situations with the originality of genius. For instance, how about secrecy? He says:

> Think everything aloud, have no privileged conversation with any soul on earth and cease to fear the spy. . . . I have never lost a minute's peace by having detectives

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by my side. I have been shadowed throughout my stay in India. That has not only not worried me but I have even taken friendly services from these gentlemen; many have apologized for having to shadow me.

After the riots which marred the demonstration of non-coöperation when the Prince of Wales visited Bombay, Gandhi announced:

> Non-coöperators cannot escape liability. It is true that Non-coöperators were ceaselessly remonstrating everywhere with the people, at considerable risk to themselves, to arrest or stop the mischief. . . . But that is not enough . . . to discharge us from liability for the violence that has taken place. We claimed to have established a peaceful atmosphere, i. e., to have attained by our non-violence sufficient control over the people to keep their violence under check. We have failed when we ought to have succeeded.
>
> Nor can I shirk my own responsibility. I am more instrumental than any other for bringing into being the spirit of revolt. I find myself not fully capable of controlling and disciplining that spirit. I must do penance for it.

He proposed to observe every Monday a twenty-four hours' fast.

On trial he wishes:

> To endorse all the blame that the learned Advocate General has thrown on my shoulders in connection with the Bombay occurrences, the Madras occurrences, and the Chauri Chaura occurrences. Thinking over these deeply and sleeping over them night after night, it is impossible for me to dissociate myself from the diabolical crimes of Chauri Chaura or the mad outrages of Bombay. He is quite right when he says that. . . . I should have known the consequences of every one of my acts. I knew that I was playing with fire. I ran the risk and if I were set free, I would still do the same.

In his comments on British rule in India there is no consuming blaze of denunciation. He praises individual English officials, he is slow to impute evil intent, he never tries to make the English odious. It is the *system* he attacks. It was only after twenty-six years of loyal public service that he wished to have done with the British raj. In his apologia at his trial he says:

> The British connection has made India more helpless than she ever was before, politically and economically. A disarmed India has no power of resistance against any aggressor if she wanted to engage in an armed conflict with him. So much is this the case that some of our best men consider that India must take generations before she can achieve the Dominion status. She has become so poor that she has little power of resisting famines. Before the British advent, India spun and wove in her millions of cottages just the supplement she needed for adding to her meagre agricultural resources. This cottage industry, so vital for India's existence, has been ruined by incredibly heartless and inhuman processes as described by English witnesses. Little do town-dwellers know how the semi-starved masses of India are slowly sinking to lifelessness. Little do they know that their miserable comforts represent the brokerage they get for the work they do for the foreign exploiter, that the profits and brokerage are sucked from the masses. Little do they realize that the Government established by law in British India is carried on for this exploitation of the masses. . . . The law itself in this country has been used to serve the foreign exploiter. My unbiased examination of the Punjab Martial Law cases has led me to believe that at least ninety-five percent of convictions were wholly bad. My experience of political cases in India leads me to the conclusion that in nine out of every ten the condemned men were totally innocent. Their crime consisted in the love of country. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred justice has been denied the Indians as against Europeans in the Courts of India. This is not an exaggerated picture. It is the experience of almost every Indian who has had anything to do with such cases. In my opinion, the administration of the law is thus prostituted consciously or unconsciously for the benefit of the exploiter.

The great and lasting achievement of Gandhi is that he has kindled in the hearts of millions of subjugated the first spark of self-respect. He has taught poor, unarmed peasants to stand up with a quiet assertion *"We, too, are men."* Against brute force he pits "soul force." He stirs not the fighting spirit, as revolutionary leaders have always done, but the calm assertion of will. "I am ready to bear more suffering than you are ready to inflict." Whether or not India wins her freedom by this method, Gandhi's place in history is secure.

EDWARD A. ROSS.

Buddenbrooks

Buddenbrooks, by Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

FOR some twenty years Buddenbrooks, now adequately translated into English by H. T. Lowe-Porter, has been recognized as a masterpiece of German realism. It is a study of German life through the last two-thirds of the nineteenth century, reflected in the fortunes of the Buddenbrook family, merchants of Lübeck. When the story opens, Johann Buddenbrook is warming his new house in Meng street, with offices on the ground floor to accommodate his business with its capital of 900,000 marks. His memories run back to the days when he had driven over Germany in a coach and four, purchasing supplies for the Prussian army mobilized against Napoleon. "Never in all his life had he worn a pair of trousers." Through the reigns of his two successors we follow the fortunes of the house until the death of Thomas Buddenbrook leaves only his sickly little son Hanno as witness to the liquidation of the business and the bankruptcy of the blood. We have the complicated pattern of family life—births, celebrations, marriages, scandals, deaths—in the stuff of friendships and kinships, business connections and the social life of the merchant aristocracy of Lübeck, woven on the loom of the advancing Germany of the nineteenth century.

Buddenbrooks is thus a family novel. It is a more complete example of the genre than even Couperus's Small Souls series with its succession of leading parts. In Thomas Mann's novel the family is the protagonist throughout. The characters are but cells in the organism, through which flows the stream of their race. The persisting figures of the book, however, are two of the third generation, Thomas Buddenbrook and his sister Antonie—Tony—who appear as children at the warming of the new house in Meng street. Tony has a glimpse of a life of her own through the love of a radical student of medicine, whom she meets at Travemunde, whither she has been sent to learn to accommodate her inclinations to those of her parents. On

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her return home she reads in the great black-bound family book of the Buddenbrooks, and solemnly with her own hand records her betrothal to Herr Grünlich, merchant of Hamburg. And when her husband turns out a bankrupt, she makes a desperate attempt to rehabilitate the family by a second marriage to Herr Permaneder of Munich; when Permaneder reveals himself as a trifler she recoils to leap again with the marriage of her daughter Erica to Herr Weinschenk who is sent to prison for fraud. In Tony the élan vital of the Buddenbrooks is strong, but the intelligence weak. Urged by a power beyond her control she supplies the element of comedy to the tragic fall of the house, by displaying her acquaintance with grief to the satiric ears of the Broad Street Buddenbrooks, Frederike, Henriette, and Pfiffi, offspring of her disinherited uncle Gotthold.

We know Tony, the eternal feminine, best of all the Buddenbrooks. She looks up with tireless fealty to her brother, Thomas Buddenbrook—Thomas, who bids discreet farewell to his first love, a girl in a flower shop, and travels to Amsterdam to learn the ways of trade, and returns to Lübeck to wear the titles of Consul and Senator, to marry an heiress and surpass the Meng street house with a mansion in Fisher street. This Thomas with his brilliant face, set off by a waxed moustache, his gay charm of manner, and his immaculate appearance, who refreshes himself by repeated changes of dress through the day, becomes the whited sepulchre of the Buddenbrook fortunes. Once there is almost a resurrection. He stumbles upon a volume of philosophy and reads it one afternoon; and at night in a half waking trance he is brought to confront his life.

> End, dissolution! These were pitiable words, and thrice pitiable he who used them! What would end, what would dissolve? Why, this his body, this heavy, faulty, hateful incumbrance, which *prevented him from being something other and better.*
>
> Was not every human being a mistake and a blunder? Was he not in painful arrest from the hour of his birth? Prison, prison, bonds and limitations everywhere! The human being stares hopelessly through the barred window of his personality at the high walls of outward circumstance, till Death comes and calls him home to freedom!

And in a sudden rapturous illumination of his being he is for a moment released from his bondage.

> The walls of his native town, in which he had wilfully and consciously shut himself up, opened out; they opened and disclosed to his view the entire world, of which he had in his youth seen this or that small portion, and of which Death now promised him the whole. The deceptive perceptions of space, time, and history, the preoccupation with a glorious historical continuity of life in the person of his own descendants, the dread of some future final dissolution and decomposition—all this his spirit now put aside. He was no longer prevented from grasping eternity. Nothing began, nothing left off. There was only an endless present; and that power in him which loved life with a love so exquisitely sweet and yearning—the power of which his person was only the unsuccessful expression—that power would always know how to find access to this present.

But with the morning comes a debate at an assembly of burgesses. Public business consumed his energies once more. He questioned whether the revelations of that night would stand analysis. "His middle class instincts rose against them—and his vanity, the fear of being eccentric, of playing a laughable rôle." He never looked into the precious volume again.

There is something very just and very noble about this book, with all its triviality and petty humanity. It recalls Carlyle's plea for reality. "Foolish enough, how some slight, perhaps mean and even ugly incident, if real and well presented, will fix itself in a susceptive memory, and lie ennobled there; silvered over with the pale cast of thought, with the pathos that belongs only to the Dead." It is a book of memories. The ancient city of Lübeck lives for us with its narrow streets and gabled houses, its warehouses and granaries and wharves, lying burnished under the sunshine of the brilliant northern summer or swathed in the mist, washed by the rain, buried by the snow of the long dark winter. The inhabitants swarm in market place or in senate house or at Christmas feasts—the Möllendorpfs, Kistenmakers, Krögers, Överdiecks, Langhals, Hagenströms, Pastor Wunderlich, Doctor Grabow, and Sigmund Gosch, the broker, who acts as a sort of undertaker to the Buddenbrook fortune. And there is something very sorrowful in this record of old German life, so diligent, in its wirthschaft, so complacent in its success, so homely in its joys, so naïve in its sorrows. If the often misused word epic be limited to its racial content, it may be safely applied to Buddenbrooks, as to Hamsun's Growth of the Soil. It is a far cry from that story of energy and achievement in the struggle with nature, to this of human weariness and futility. But there is a beauty of decay as well as of growth, a charm of fading colors and deepening shadows as well as of the dawn, an eloquence in the theme sic transit gloria mundi. Of this beauty and this eloquence Thomas Mann is master.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

R. L. S.

An Intimate Portrait of R. L. S., by Lloyd Osbourne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Rosaline Masson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $3.00.

R. L. Stevenson: A Critical Study, by Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran. $2.00.

The Complete Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

IT is strange that so industrious a discoverer of the bizarre as Prince Florizel of Bohemia should never have come upon the Great Conspiracy got up by many pleasant ladies and gentlemen to perpetuate the legend of the greatness of Robert Louis Stevenson. One wonders how so engaging a myth escaped the attention of the romantic Bohemian investigator. Not even the penetrating thrusts of Frank Swinnerton have as yet served to disarm the Great Conspiracy. Indeed the charter members complain of Mr. Swinnerton as an outside hired thug. From Rosaline Masson's memoranda there appears little chance of state's evidence. Henley, of course, has been quite properly blackballed from the club.

There is no more insidious decoy of criticism than personal charm, and that Stevenson had in full abundance. Too many of us are held in remembered boyhood ecstasy given by Treasure Island and Kidnapped to betray the giver of joy and find out why these conspirators have seen to it that Stevenson has grown so great. The truth, however, is more salutary than the pathos of distance, and

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in Mr. Swinnerton's unanswerable pages anyone with any sense of fair play will find the truth. Fixed in the thraldom of what we think a world of lightless realism we prate too much about Stevenson's zest of life, his spirit of eternal youth, his wooing of the true romance.

If anyone has brought romance to discredit it is Stevenson. If anyone had turned the essay of Hazlitt and Lamb into a child's mystery play of phrases twopence colored and never plain, it is Stevenson. If anyone has dressed up romance in a satin costume and a clink of words over a sounding orchestral commentary, it again is Stevenson. The damaging fact that he continues as a model of "style" for college freshmen is proof enough of his lack of substance, of any deeply felt philosophy in essays setting out to unravel life and death, of any feeling for the rich confusion of the world. Freshmen have little to say, and yet must be taught to write well. Stevenson has little to say, and has said it supremely well, always in the cause of romance. For it is with romance that we are forced to associate the name of Stevenson. His poems and plays deserve no more than honorable mention. His travel books are only literary exercises spun thin with calculated effects. His essays are delightful reading, and sentences like "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive" continue to decorate framed Thoughts for Every Day in the Year. No one with any culture of literature can put these essays in the great tradition of Bacon and Montaigne and Hazlitt. They are festoons and arabesques traced in gold upon soft decorative pillows; bright discoveries about marriage gleaned from an inexperienced decayed juvenility; gestures, gestures, tender and true; the secular variation of species taken over from Darwin and in Pulvis et Umbra set dancing to a minuet of plumed and knighted words.

Two fine boys' books he was craftsman enough to compose. In Treasure Island and Kidnapped, like all sick men with the desire of action he identifies romance with picturesque incident (all his stories are episodic rather than continuous) much as a lonely child invokes pirates whom the return of the grown-ups is sure to banish. It is not the spirit of youth. It is not even the spirit of average typical boyhood, but the diversions of a talented ailing child who conjures up bogies with wooden legs and parrots with a taste for sailors' oaths. There is no danger in Stevenson as there is danger in Dumas and Smollett. As Mr. Swinnerton remarks, The sentry is round the corner, but we know that he will never strike. The Stevenson hero is never a soldier and afraid. It is a charming fake, a fairy tale where even the ogre ogres happily ever after, an imp who can be put into his bottle. It began with Stevenson. It has ended with Sabatini. In this unrighteous sense, Dumas is never romantic, hardly in The Three Musketeers, and never in the Valois novels. Stevenson did not continue the tradition of the great Dumas, for the great Dumas novels are all tragedies. He debased mediaeval coinage into bright counters for boys to play marbles with agreeably.

Stevenson was a supreme craftsman, a "writer" whose own life was such ever-present copy that he seldom ventured into the country without a notebook. It is an intense unremitting cultivation yielding a picturesque maze of bloom and color, in a garden close unshadowed by the darkness-shedding rich cypress of D. H. Lawrence, and the mighty upas tree of Dostoevski.

Many of his stories begin with a real flourish, but he is seldom powerful enough to give his conception body and life; and even where, as in the Sire de Maletroit's Door or Markheim, his cleverness appears to carry the thing through, it is only his skill in dazzling the reader, brilliant sword's play in the rearguard of the disinterested profound imagining of genius. His talent flares to an instant glitter like a colored rocket. It does not burn with a waxing incandescence. For all its fame Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde weakens into morality and overwriting. It is hardly as good as the best of H. G. Wells and Algernon Blackwood. It can scarcely be mentioned with The Turn of the Screw.

To judge (or misjudge) an artist by his imitators may seem not quite decent. To dismiss the flimsiness of the New Arabian Nights by reference to the flimsiness (for all the "style") of Machen's Three Impostors may seem an ungenerous pedantry. Yet had Stevenson worn the authentic tarnhelm of magical enchanting power, Sabatini would not now wear a tinpot helmet of Navarre. Stevenson did not inaugurate romance, but the romantic movement of the nineties. He came when romance was wounded and dying from successive impersonations by Scott and Mayne Reid, Wilkie Collins and Marryat and Le Fanu. He is a worshipful samaritan who dresses the body in radiant garments, but he cannot bring it back to life. He can give it a living and charming death. He can negotiate a flourish of rapiers and a ritual of dear dead piracy. It is a fascinating and antic death, but still a death.

A. Donald Douglas.

Body and Mind in Human Conduct

Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual, by F. Mathias Alexander. With an Introduction by Professor John Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THERE are unmistakable evidences that the treatment of human ailments is shifting toward a different level. The tendency in the past has been to keep the physical and the mental in separate compartments. Body was body and soul was soul, and professionally there was no contact between the work of the medical practitioner and that of the clergyman. In medicine "consciousness" was recognized mainly as a convenient agency for making reports on the results of maladaptation. In religion the body figured chiefly as an obstacle to the practice of righteousness.

More recently we have become accustomed to the conception of man as a "psycho-physical organism," the purpose of the hyphenation being to indicate the impossibility of understanding the behavior of human organisms on the basis of a separation between physical and mental functions. With this change in outlook there is beginning to come a certain modification in our methods of dealing with the "body" and the "mind." As an abstract proposition, the assertion of duality in unity, has already attained a flavor of orthodoxy. In actual practice, however, it is far from having gained effective recognition. To secure for it such recognition may be said, without serious misrepresentation, to be the main purpose of Mr. Alexander's book.

The chief contention in this latest book by Mr. Alexander may be summarized briefly as follows: The conscious being in seeking adjustment to his environment is guided largely by his "sensory appreciations." The adjustment is accepted as satisfactory by the individual if it *feels* right to him. On the lower levels of existence this sensory ap-

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preciation is perhaps a sufficiently reliable guide. On the higher levels, however, this is by no means the case. A man suffering from an acid stomach, for example, may find relief in a dose of bicarbonate of soda, and this feeling of relief may be accepted by him as evidence that all is well with him again. The real or more remote cause of the trouble, such as business worries, or disagreements with his wife, does not get into the picture at all. The medical profession, owing to its tendency to deal with human beings as merely intricate physical mechanisms, gives its sanction to such delusion. The net result is that practitioners become absorbed in the problem of effecting "cures," without attacking the trouble at its source.

The natural consequence of all this has been a reaction towards "psychic cures" which are just as misguided as those of the medical men who leave "mind" out of account. In some way or other the patient is made to feel that he is well, or at all events that he is getting better day by day and in every way, and this feeling is taken at face value, again without any serious attempt to trace the trouble back to its source. In both cases "sensory appreciation" is set up as the standard. The plain fact, however, is that, in our modern environment, this sensory appreciation is thoroughly unreliable. This conclusion is the consequence of the proposition that man is a psycho-physical organism. On the level of instincts these immediate feelings may be a reliable guide; in an environment that has been so largely created by the art of man they are not. The problem accordingly is to endow the individual suffering from maladjustment with a new and adequate sensory appreciation, and the technique for doing this is Mr. Alexander's outstanding contribution.

The reader of the book gathers the impression that Mr. Alexander is concerned chiefly with defects such as are typified by maladjustments of speech and locomotion, although the wider bearing of the doctrine is emphasized. The doctrine has significance, for example, in relation to reactions of phobia and worry, and in general, to the whole range of education and particularly elementary education. Indeed, every instance of irrational conduct may be traced back to a defect in sensory appreciation. "We cultivate friendships with people who think as we think, and we ignore or are antagonized by those who do not; the preacher attracts to church only those who want to go to church; we start to read a book, but immediately we reach a point with which we disagree, our more or less debauched kinaesthesia can not control the impulses which, when set in motion, put us out of communication with our reasoning." (147, 148.) If we once begin to inquire, "many of us may awaken to the fact that the majority of our cherished ideas and ideals are the product, not of any process of reasoning, but of that unreasoning process called impulse, of unbalanced emotion and prejudice, that is, of ideas and ideals associated with a psycho-physical condition in the development of which unreliable sensory appreciation has played a leading part." (79, 80.)

The problem, then, as the author sees it, is to devise and apply a technique for bringing the requisite sensory material under definite and usable control. In a word, it means the substitution of reason for the subconscious control of behavior. If we aim simply at a "cure," in the sense of bringing about a state of affairs in which our sensory appreciations register satisfaction, we are likely to introduce more evil than we eliminate. The only safe and effective procedure is to secure for the persons concerned the kind of sensory appreciation required for effective adaptation.

A proposition of this sort merits a general assent. Perhaps Professor Dewey, who stands sponsor for the book in a eulogistic introduction, is correct in saying that "Mr. Alexander has demonstrated a new scientific principle, with respect to the control of human behavior, as important as any principle which has ever been discovered in the domain of external nature." (p. XXIV) It is probable, however, that readers of less discernment than Professor Dewey will fail to be equally impressed. It is true that Mr. Alexander's presentation is "in the simplest English, free from technical words," (p. XXI), but a gas meter is similarly plain and direct, yet frequently mystifying withal. For one thing Mr. Alexander's claims far outrun the range of application that he himself makes. The author lays the foundation for a modern fort and builds a dog kennel on it. He endeavors, for example, to make his clients have a direct experience of how certain movements *should* feel by manipulating their limbs while the patients are in a relaxed condition. Given the right sensory appreciation in this way, a person can correct defects of behavior by means of it. It is a far cry from this sort of thing to the causes of the World War, however much we may be disposed antecedently to grant that there is a fundamental connection.

B. H. Bode.

The Cambridge History of Foreign Policy

The Cambridge History of Foreign Policy. Vol. III. 1866-1919. Edited by Sir A. W. Ward and G. P. Gooch. New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

AT once we wish to congratulate the editors on the successful completion of this important work. This congratulation is all the more sincere because they have not refused to review history through which many of us have lived. In addition, the fact that the great proportion of the book is from the pen of Mr. W. H. Dawson or of Mr. G. P. Gooch lends the volume a continuity and unity which have done much to render success more possible.

The various writers bring knowledge and not a little insight to their work. Mr. Cruttwell of Hertford College, Oxford, opens with an adequate survey of the period of neutrality in continental affairs (1866-74) and Mr. de Montmorency follows with a short and well-informed account of sea policy and the Alabama claims. The period from 1874 to 1899 is dealt with by Mr. W. H. Dawson. It forms an excellent introductory study. The division of the volume at "Book V" makes the reading somewhat difficult. We believe the field here could have been much better divided. Presumably editorial conditions demanded a fairly complete view, and ease in narrative has been sacrificed to this end. As it is, Mr. Dawson has carried out a difficult task with skill and judgment. He possesses an excellent knowledge of the material and he writes with a sense of balanced sobriety. In dealing with the Boer War and the international situation (1899-1902) Sir Valentine Chirol is not so satisfactory. His work leaves the impression of a certain "jingoism." It would be hard to give explicit evidence of this; but there is that impression, which comes from no other writer in the volume. Mr. Gooch covers the period from 1902 to 1919, while Mr. Algernon Cecil concludes the volume with a chapter on the Foreign Office.

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Readers will naturally be most interested in Mr. Gooch's work. It is a bold thing to bring the history down to this late date, but the courage is amply justified. Mr. Gooch has been eminently a wise editor in selecting himself for the venture. There is perhaps no one alive in the English-speaking world more competent to deal with this tragic history. His reading is most comprehensive, his attitude most objective, his devotion to historical truth most evident. The professional historian and the citizen of the world will find in these chapters the best introduction available and one of which we venture to think future histories will be mere elaborations. The great essential features stand out in their rugged challenge in the landscape of travail. Mr. Gooch writes as coldly as though he were the recording angel, and no conscientious reader can rise from his pages without a conviction that virtue and vice are fairly well distributed among all the nation-states, that events cannot be assigned to generalized causes, and that 1914 was as inevitable as any event in history. If it were possible, we could wish that these chapters were available in a small separate volume.

The editorial skill which makes Mr. Cecil's chapter the conclusion of the whole survey is admirable. Like the conclusion of the Ancient Mariner, it brings us out of the grim story into the average world of human affairs. Whimsical, humorous, pungent as it all is, Mr. Cecil is entirely delightful. He hints criticism. He suggests blame. He interprets the momentous in gentle asides, and he even dignifies inefficiency with delightful memories. Mr. Gooch has discovered not merely an historian but an essay-writer of pronounced ability. Alive, human, dramatic—the foreign office is animate in his sentences. We see men vivid as in their actual work. Dispatches take on newer meanings. Rooms and corridors are fascinating in the romance of destiny. Personally I should rather have written that chapter than the whole three volumes.

Once more in leaving a great undertaking, I should like to point out a limitation. The whole conception suffers apart from colonial history and it will remain pathetically incomplete unless that long overdue history of British Colonial policy is forthcoming. When that day comes, we hope some Mr. Algernon Cecil will be found to interpret the Colonial Office to us with equal knowledge and with equal charm.

W. P. M. KENNEDY.

The Principles of Sociology

The Principles of Sociology, by Frederick A. Bushee. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

THE writing of books on the "principles of sociology" has passed through some three main stages. The first was the elaboration of a particular system of classification, organization and exposition of social facts and processes, with no pretense to covering all of the problems of sociology. Books of this type are the well-known volumes by Spencer, Ward, Giddings, Small, Gumplowicz, Ratzenhofer, Stuckenberg, Ross and others. While usually philosophic and dogmatic, they at least normally possessed the merit of some little originality of doctrine. The second stage was characterized by the attempt at synthesis and greater comprehensiveness through articulating the theories of many writers of this first sort in an inclusive treatise. This sort of effort has been exemplified by the works of Cornejo, and Blackmar and Gillin. The interesting manual of Professor E. C. Hayes represents an intermediate type. The third stage has been manifested by the effort to establish the principles of sociology, not on the basis of a compilation of diverse theories, but as a result of generalization from the available facts in the various fields of social problems and process. Professor Bushee's volume is a preliminary contribution to this last type of work.

While all of the fields of sociology, except the historical, are covered, the excellence and thoroughness of the treatment is very uneven. The best section is that on genetic or biological factors, while the most inadequate are those on psychological factors and cultural forces. The chapter on religion, while liberal enough in viewpoint, is pathetic in its ignoring of all of the important work done in this field since the days of Spencer, from Codrington to Marett, Durkheim, Hubert and Mauss, Goldenweiser and Shotwell. It may be fortunate that no attempt was made to deal with anthropological and historical sociology. The chapter on morality is eminently respectable, and we are assured that "enduring attraction between the sexes requires the concentration of the entire sexual energy on a single person." We hesitate to contemplate Professor Bushee's reaction to Mencken's In Defense of Women or Clement Wood's article on Modern Sex Morality. And his psychiatry is somewhat awry when he informs us that "epilepsy is closely associated with feeble-mindedness." He has apparently failed to inform himself in regard to the revolutionary work which has been done on the nature and pathogenesis of epilepsy by L. Pierce Clark. Yet, when taken as a whole, it is the reviewer's opinion that this is the most satisfactory general textbook on sociology for college use which is now available. It is also his opinion that the competent work on the subject will not be written by a single author, but will be produced through the coöperation of a number of experts in the various fields of sociological interest and endeavor.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

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A Concise Review

From THE ENGLISH REVIEW *Feb. 1924*

THE VEILED EMPRESS. By BENJAMIN A. MORTON.
G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 W. 45th St., N. Y.
22s. 6d. net. $5

MR. MORTON'S historical Arabian Night is not only capital reading, but a shrewdly persuasive case for a new factor in the Napoleonic legend. These word pictures and anecdotes are remarkably fascinating in themselves, whilst the clever colour studies of Mauritian types and places by Christina Morton greatly help the tropic spell. It is, however, the story of Aimée Dubuc de Rivery to which the larger part of the book is devoted, who—captured at sea by Barbary corsairs, and sent as a gift to the Sultan at Constantinople—became the mother of Mahmoud the Great, the man whose implacable disdain of Napoleon after Joséphine's divorce was as remarkable as his previous friendship in spite of the Egyptian campaign. Why Turkey failed to grasp the magnificent opportunity of recovering from her ancient enemy, Russia, her former possessions and more, when Napoleon made it clear that it would be safe and easy to do so, has never been explained; so Mr. Morton's story of Aimée's influence upon her son's character and actions, by the light of her Creole traditions and convent education, seems to supply the tiny factor which overturned a meteoric career, and his documentation and research do much to support this theory. At the very least, an unexpectedly interesting new light upon the *épopée* is discreetly and with all modesty submitted in this most interesting book.

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